The Outlook

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Gloves are the bane of woman's existence—not because they wear out quickly, but because they soil so easily.

Take your own case. How often have you ruined a pair of white kid gloves, getting aboard a crowded street-car or out of a carriage?

Some day, some one will invent a glove that can be washed. Until then, the best way to improve the appearance of gloves that have become soiled (other than sending them to a cleaner) is to use Ivory Soap Paste. It will not remove dirt that has become ingrained in the leather; but anything short of that disappears before it as if by magic.

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The Outlook

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1906

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Valparaiso in Ruins

Valparaiso, the second city of Chile, and the most important seaport on the west coast of South America, experienced two destructive earthquake shocks on Thursday of last week. The second shock, ten minutes after the first, was the more severe and did by far the greater damage, but the warning given by the first sent the people hurrying out of their houses and doubtless saved scores of lives. As at San Francisco, fire followed the earthquake, and the water, gas, and electric light supplies were cut off. Buildings were shaken down all over the city, killing many; on Monday of this week one estimate put the number at one thousand. As in San Francisco, thousands of homeless people are sleeping in parks and in the open country. Communication by railway was entirely cut off; tunnels were filled up and tracks twisted and broken by the force of the shocks. Santiago and other towns near by suffered severely. It is an interesting fact that the earthquake was predicted by Dr. G. F. Becker, of the United States Geological Survey, on April 19. Writing in the New York "Tribune" the day after the San Francisco earthquake, Dr. Becker said that such a severe upheaval at one point on the earthquake belt which follows the rim of the Pacific from Singapore, through Japan, the Aleutian Islands, the coast of Alaska, California, and South America to Valparaiso, was sure to be followed by sympathetic movements at other points on the circuit. Valparaiso, in the course of its history, has been the unfortunate victim of many great disasters. Three times it was bombarded, by Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Hawkins in the sixteenth century, and by the Spanish in 1866. Two great fires have devastated the city, one in 1843 destroying a million dollars' worth of property, and another, fifteen years later, destroying five times as much. In 1730 the city was completely laid waste by an earthquake; in 1822 a second did much damage and caused many deaths.

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The Labor Problem at Panama

If we may trust the daily press reports, the Administration has decided to employ Chinese labor in the construction of the canal at Panama, and for this purpose to enter into contracts with agents, corporate or otherwise, for supplying such labor. It is stated that Mr. Shonts, Chairman of the Isthmian Canal Commission, does not propose to rely upon Chinese labor to the exclusion of the labor of other races. He is quoted as saying: "If we employed laborers all of one race, there would be too much clannishness, and the men would be apt to get the idea that they could run things." The Attorney-General has held that what is known as "coolie contract labor" is inconsistent with the thirteenth amendment to the Constitution, providing that "neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States or any place subject to their jurisdiction." Under the ordinary coolie labor contract, as it exists, for example, in the English colonies, the coolie contracts his labor for a certain specified time, say from three to five years. If he refuses to perform this labor, he can be arrested and imprisoned or otherwise punished. This method of enforcing a labor contract cannot be maintained in any place under the jurisdiction of the United States. If Chinese contract labor is employed in Panama, it must be free labor, not any form of slavery or involuntary servitude. If this principle is recognized and provided for in the contracts, there is no

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reason why Chinese labor should not be employed, and there are good reasons for believing that it can be very advantageously employed in the construction of the canal. The New York "Tribune" is right in saying that the Chinese Exclusion Act of the United States does not apply to the Isthmus, because the Isthmus is not a part of the United States. But the thirteenth amendment does apply to the Isthmus, because the Isthmus is "subject to the jurisdiction of the United States."

❀

Government by Injunction

Speaker Cannon, renominated by acclamation to the House of Representatives and indorsed as the Republican candidate for the Presidency, in his speech declares himself thoroughly in favor of the Dingley Tariff Law, as, "all things considered, the most perfect and just customs revenue law ever enacted," and unmistakably indicates his opposition to any revision of the tariff. He meets the charge preferred against him by certain representatives of organized labor that he opposed the Anti-Injunction Bill presented to Congress at the last session by a frank avowal of his opposition to that bill, which he says "in substance prohibited United States courts from issuing injunctions in any case between employer and employee unless necessary to prevent irreparable injury to property or to a property right of the party making the application, for which injury there is no adequate remedy at law, and in the next sentence provided: 'And for the purpose of this act no right to carry on business of any particular kind or at any particular place, or at all, shall be construed, held, considered, or treated as property, or as constituting a property right.'" He rightly affirms that "the power of the courts to issue writs of injunction to prevent irreparable injury to property or to a property right for which there is no adequate remedy at law is older than the Constitution and as well established as any other principle of law or equity." If he correctly describes this bill, and we have no reason to doubt the correctness of his description, we believe that he will be justified by the great majority of the American people in opposing its enactment. The tendency both in medicine and in law is to increase preventive remedies. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Whatever evils lie in "government by injunction" are due, not to the power of the court to prohibit acts injurious either to private rights or public welfare, but to the almost unlimited power of the judge who prohibits such action to determine whether that prohibition has been violated and to adjust the penalty to the offense. What is needed for the protection of citizens from possible despotic action by the courts is not a prohibition of injunction, but a provision that any person accused of violating an injunction may demand a trial of his case before some other judge than the one who issued the injunction; and where his alleged action is not only a violation of an injunction, but is also a criminal offense, he should also be entitled to a trial by jury.

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The Defense of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company

The Brooklyn "Eagle" publishes a statement given out by Mr. E. W. Hatch, one of the counsel of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company, which makes the best possible showing for that company, and which we promptly report to our readers. This defense involves two affirmations: It is contended that the arrest of Mr. MacFarlane for refusal to pay the ten-cent fare to Coney Island and his discharge by Judge Gaynor did not determine the question whether the company had a legal right to make such charge. Refusal to pay a railroad fare is not a crime. Therefore "MacFarlane was improperly arrested and he was entitled to his discharge. Such was the attitude of the railway company on the return of the writ of habeas corpus, . . . and the counsel for the company joined in asking that he be discharged. There was therefore no case made which called for the determination by the court of the legality of the ten-cent fare to Coney Island, and that question was not argued by counsel for the company." Furthermore, the representative of the Rapid

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Transit Company contends that even if the question had been before Judge Gaynor, and he had been authorized by the case to entertain and pass upon the question, the decision was not sound law nor in accord with authoritative decisions upon this subject. Mr. Hatch refers to the decision of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court in the district to which Brooklyn belongs in the friendly suit of which we gave an account last week. That decision was rendered in 1900. Judge Gaynor holds that it has been practically reversed by the decision of the Court of Appeals in 1904. Mr. Hatch contends that the case before the Court of Appeals in 1904 was materially different from the case before the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court in 1900, and that Judge Gaynor is wrong in holding that the Supreme Court has been overruled by the Court of Appeals. It is affirmed in a Brooklyn "Eagle" editorial, in further defense of the company, that "the arrest [of Mr. MacFarlane] was cleverly though not scrupulously contrived. It was not made at the instance of the company, which does not assert its right to take into custody passengers who follow the course pursued by Mr. MacFarlane. Hence, Judge Gaynor was not called upon to settle a dispute, the company conceding that the apprehension was without warrant."

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This Defense Wholly Inadequate

This is the defense of the company, as stated by its advocates, legal and journalistic, and it appears to The Outlook to be entirely inadequate. It may be that the arrest of Mr. MacFarlane was "cleverly though not scrupulously contrived;" it may be that Judge Gaynor is wrong in his interpretation of the decisions of the higher court, and that the decision of the Appellate Division was not really overruled by the Court of Appeals and will be eventually sustained by the Court of Appeals. Both things may be true, but they are wholly immaterial. In civilized communities the rights of men are determined by two organizations—a legislature and a court. The legislature may enact an unjust law, but it is law, and it is to be obeyed until it is repealed. When a question arises as to the interpretation of the action of the legislature, it is for the court to decide the question, and the decision of the court interpreting the legislative action is the law and is to be obeyed until it is reversed by the judge who made it or by some competent judicial authority. When the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court decided that passengers must pay the double fare, that was law, whether the decision was right or wrong. Passengers were bound to pay ten cents until that decision was reversed, either by the court on a rehearing, or by a superior tribunal. They had apparently good reason to affirm that this friendly suit was "cleverly though not scrupulously contrived," but that was no reason why the decision should not be obeyed. Generally it was obeyed by the traveling public. When subsequently Mr. MacFarlane refused to pay ten cents and was arrested, the question was brought before the court whether he was justly arrested or not. It was for the court to determine on what grounds its decision of that question should be based. The court might have decided that Mr. MacFarlane was under obligation to pay ten cents but could not be arrested for the refusal to pay it, and might have discharged him on that ground; but it did decide that he was not under obligation to pay the ten cents and it ordered him discharged on that ground. It held that the Court of Appeals by its decision in 1904 had reversed the Appellate Court's decision in 1900, and that the railway company had no right to collect ten cents. This is therefore now law in Brooklyn. It will continue to be law in Brooklyn until it is set aside by some superior tribunal or reconsidered and reversed by Judge Gaynor himself. No opinion on the part of Mr. Hatch, or the Brooklyn "Eagle," or The Outlook can have any effect whatever in making it more or less authoritative. It is law simply and solely because the court appointed to decide the question has decided that it is law; and the judge's decision that it is law makes it law until that decision is reversed. The whole fabric of our civilization rests upon the quiet and orderly

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acceptance by the community of the decisions of the courts of justice until the decision is set aside by an orderly procedure. As the passengers of Brooklyn continued to pay their ten-cent fare after the decision of 1900, so the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company is under obligation to collect only a five-cent fare since the decision of Judge Gaynor in 1906, until that decision is reversed, except as by agreement with the representatives of the people a temporary adjustment can be made pending a final decision. The question before the people of Brooklyn is not whether they shall pay five or ten cents for a ride to Coney Island. That is an insignificant question. It is whether a great corporation shall obey the law of the land as it is officially interpreted by the courts selected by the people for that purpose, or whether it shall defy the courts and the law. This is precisely the question which the Federal administration is raising in its discussion of railway corporations and the Standard Oil Company. There is no question to-day before the American people so important as this.

❀

A Compromise What has justly provoked the people of Brooklyn to great indignation is the fact that the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company provoked and participated in flagrant lawlessness, continued for three days, in its attempt to override the decision of the court and substitute its own interpretation of the law for that of the Judge. This public indignation has at last compelled it to accept a compromise which a little reasonableness on the part of its officials might have suggested at the outset, and by which the scenes of violence which have caused inconvenience to thousands, more or less serious injury to scores and probably hundreds, and the death of one, would have been avoided. This plan, suggested by acting Mayor McGowan, requires the company, pending the decision by the Court of Appeals whether or not the railway company has the legal right to claim a second fare to Coney Island, to issue a check to each passenger from whom an additional fare is collected, the check to be null and void if the contention of the company is sustained by the Court of Appeals, and to be good for either one fare or redeemable for its face value of five cents if the Court holds that the company's contention is unfounded. Judge Gaynor, yielding to earnest requests, has issued a statement interpreting his decision. It is precisely the interpretation which The Outlook has already given. "I had to decide," he says, "on the writ of habeas corpus, whether ten cents or five cents was the legal fare. That was the exact point." He adds, however, that "the railroad company was not a party to the case before me, and that makes a difference in respect of how far it is bound by my decision," and he urges the public to exercise patience and, rather than resort to violence, to pay the extra fare until the question at issue can be submitted to and decided by the Court of Appeals—unquestionably wise advice. The absurd report in the New York "Sun," repeated editorially in the New York "Times," that Judge Gaynor has since said that as the law now stands the company is acting legally in insisting on a ten-cent fare, he has promptly denied. We call this report absurd, because it is incredible that a judge who had announced from the bench on Saturday that a corporation had no legal right to collect ten cents would, without any explanation, tell a reporter on Wednesday that it had such a right. We repeat that, whatever the final decision of the Court of Appeals may be, the company has acted lawlessly. Even had its claim to a ten-cent fare been unquestioned, its method of enforcing that claim was lawless. It is true that if a passenger refuses to pay his fare, the conductor may eject him from the train; but he must do so in a manner consistent with the passenger's safety (Sanford vs. Eighth Ave. R. R. Co., 23 N. Y. 343); and no regard whatever was paid to the safety of the passengers who, acting on the faith of Judge Gaynor's decision, refused to pay the double fare. But the claim of the railroad company was not unquestioned. On the contrary, it had been declared illegal by a court of competent jurisdiction, and that declaration all citizens of

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Brooklyn were bound to recognize as law until reversed by a superior authority.

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Regulation of Motor-Cars

The New York "Tribune" reports an elaborate series of regulations concerning the use of motor-cars formulated by a Commission in England appointed for the purpose of dealing with the subject. Elaborate regulations seem to us disadvantageous. They should be simple, easily understood, easily remembered, capable of universal enforcement. It is true that the motor-car has come to stay. It is true that the horses must become used to the motor-car as they have become used to the bicycle. It is true that drivers of horses have no right to demand the monopoly of the highway. But it is also true that the driving of steam or electric engines thirty or forty miles an hour along the public highway and by inexperienced engineers is perilous to life and limb and ought not to be permitted. Neither horses nor men can become used to this, and no use, however long continued, will prevent or even greatly lessen the peril. There are three simple regulations which, it appears to us, the Legislature of every State might well adopt:

1. No motor-car should be driven unless there is a licensed driver in the car to direct. He need not necessarily be a professional chauffeur, but if it is right to require some examination before a man may be permitted to operate a stationary engine, surely it may be required before he is permitted to operate a locomotive on the highway.

2. Reckless driving should be prohibited, and it should be left to the court to determine, under all the circumstances, whether the driving is reckless; and this is apparently one of the provisions recommended by the English Commission. Turning the corner of a crowded street without notice when going five miles an hour may be more reckless than driving on a straight and broad highway thirty miles an hour. A law simply prescribing a speed limit is unenforceable, since only an expert with a stop-watch can determine whether the speed limit is exceeded. It might, however, be provided that all above a prescribed speed should be presumptive evidence of recklessness.

3. Fines are a wholly inadequate penalty for reckless driving; imprisonment falls sometimes upon the wrong person, since it is very difficult to determine whether the chauffeur or the owner of the vehicle is really responsible for the reckless driving. If the law provided that any automobile might be impounded for six months or a year for a second offense, both the owner of the vehicle and the chauffeur would be careful; the first, because he would be deprived of his carriage; the second, because he would be deprived of his place.

If these three provisions were enacted and honestly enforced by the courts, the reckless driving of automobiles and the resultant accidents would be reduced to a minimum.

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Saloon Restrictions in Kansas City, Missouri

Following the policy of several other cities, the Council of Kansas City, Missouri, has adopted an ordinance to limit the number of saloons within the municipality and to raise the license fee. Kansas City, which is a town of perhaps 250,000 inhabitants, has about six hundred saloons. Many of these are controlled by breweries, which, by their compact organization, have been able to exercise a powerful political influence. Each saloon has been paying a license fee of $875 a year, of which only $250 went to the municipality. It was felt that the saloons were not paying the city their share of the expense they entailed, and several weeks ago an unsuccessful attempt was made to increase the license fee. Then several independent saloon-keepers suggested that they would be willing to pay a city license fee of $500—or $1,125 altogether—provided some means were devised to reduce the number of saloons and to keep them out of the control of the brewers. The ordinance which was recently passed was approved by the Retail Liquor Dealers' Association as well as by public sentiment. It provides that a license revoked for cause shall not be reissued, and that no more licenses shall be issued until an

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official census shall show that the city has a population of 400,000. Then one additional license may be issued for every thousand of population in excess of 400,000. No license is to be issued to any brewer or wholesale liquor dealer or to any agent. It is expected that fifty licenses will be revoked by the first of January for various offenses, and that eventually the number of saloons will be reduced to five hundred. The worst class of saloons will thus be put out of business, and the city's revenue will be increased by at least $100,000. The outcome is regarded as highly satisfactory both by the better saloon men and by decent people generally. Meanwhile, under the instructions of Governor Folk, the Sunday closing law is vigorously enforced in all the Missouri cities.

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Law Enforcement in Kansas

While Kansas City, Missouri, has been closing its saloons on Sundays and raising its license fee, the neighboring city of the same name across the line in Kansas has succeeded for the first time in enforcing the State prohibitory law. Attempts had frequently been made, but always with only momentary success, until the Attorney-General of Kansas, Mr. C. C. Coleman, a few weeks ago appointed Mr. C. W. Trickett, a young lawyer, an Assistant Attorney-General to enforce the law in Wyandotte County. It had proved futile to prosecute the "joint-keepers," as they are called in Kansas, before juries. Mr. Trickett was forced to rely upon injunction proceedings. Governor Hoch refused to grant money from the State fund for use in prosecuting the "joints" of Kansas City, Kansas, so Mr. Trickett and his partner hired detectives and collected evidence at their own charge. With this evidence the prosecutor went before Judge Holt, of the Court of Common Pleas, and secured injunctions against the saloon men. Those who violated the injunctions were cited for contempt and fined and imprisoned. If the owner of a building persisted in letting it be used for the sale of liquor, a receiver was appointed and the building was taken out of his hands. By these vigorous measures within three weeks two hundred "joints" were closed and open liquor-selling was practically suppressed. With this demonstration of the possibility of closing the saloons, which had always been doubted before, public sentiment in the city has become perceptibly more favorable to the law-enforcement policy, though it is by no means certain that the local sentiment would be sufficient to keep the "joints" closed were Mr. Trickett to surrender his office to-morrow.

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Church and State in France

It is not easy to interpret the Pope's encyclical respecting the conditions in France from the fragmentary reports furnished by the cable. The interpretation here given to our readers is tentative and subject to future correction. The recent legislation in France abrogating the historical Concordat, and providing for the eventual separation of Church and State, also provides that property which belonged to the State before the Concordat shall revert to the State, but that the Government may lease or sell such church edifices as revert to the State to "associations cultuelles," or local religious associations, which, like secular associations, must be formed under Government regulations and subject to Government control. This measure the Pope characterizes as "iniquitous." He declares that such organizations as "associations cultuelles," which the law prescribes, violate the sacred rights of the Church; and he explicitly forbids the bishops and clergy from availing themselves of such organizations for the purpose of retaining possession of church edifices. He says, as reported:

> It is not permissible to try this other kind of association so long as they do not establish in the most legal and most positive way that the divine constitution of the Church, the immutable rights of the Roman Pontiff and the bishops, and their authority over the temporal affairs of the Church, particularly the sacred edifices, will be irrevocably protected by such associations.

Apparently there is no possibility of reconciliation between the Papal Church and the Government of France unless one party or the other practically aban-

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dons its present position. The action of the Government in taking possession of Church property which, we judge, it claims belonged to the State prior to 1801, the date of the Concordat, somewhat resembles the confiscation of Church properties in England under Henry VIII. It, however, says to all the Churches, Protestant and Papal, "You may continue to use these church properties for religious purposes, subject to Government regulation and control." The Vatican refuses. It insists that in the use of such properties it must be independent of State control. Unless the State grants this independence or the Pope modifies his encyclical, it would appear that all Roman Catholic church edifices which have thus been taken over by the State will remain closed, and either the people will be left without their chosen religious services, or the Roman Catholics will have to erect new edifices in which to conduct their worship. It is, of course, possible that new and independent churches may be organized to conduct a worship similar in ritual to that of the Roman Catholic Church but independent of Papal authority, as was done in England in the sixteenth century, but this does not seem probable. That all the property rights of the churches are subject to Governmental regulation and control is so axiomatic in America that it is difficult for us to understand the passions which are aroused in France by the attempt to apply this simple principle in that country.

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The Roman Catholic Church and the Higher Criticism

The Commission appointed by the Vatican to report on the authorship and authenticity of the Pentateuch has issued its report. Its conclusions are brief and briefly stated. They may be thus summarized: (1) The witness of the Old and New Testaments and the traditions of the Jewish people and the Christian Church justify the conclusion that Moses is the author of the Pentateuch. (2) It may not be all written or dictated by him, but if it is partly the work of secretaries, they must be presumed to have neither added nor omitted anything contrary to his intention, nor to have published the books without his approval. (3) He may have made over, under divine inspiration, earlier sources—written documents or oral traditions. (4) And the books of Moses may have undergone some modifications since, due to additions by some inspired author, glosses and explanations interpolated in the text, translations from an older into a more modern style, and, lastly, faulty readings attributable to the unskillfulness of copyists. This report is a distinct and emphatic repudiation of the fundamental principles of the modern critical student, who will not be in the least inclined to accept as an adequate explanation of the facts which his researches have brought to light the concession that amanuenses may have made minor mistakes, that subsequent editors and copyists may have made minor alterations, and that Moses may have used previously existing materials, written and oral. On the other hand, this report is only the opinion of Roman Catholic scholars; it has not the binding force on Roman Catholic students which an *ex cathedra* decision of the questions issued by the Pope would possess.

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An International Agricultural Institute

Mr. David Lubin, the Californian landowner and economist, represents much actual experience of the problem which he has long attempted to solve—the more intelligent and honest disposal of agricultural toil and toilers. He has had marked success in organizing colonies of foreign agriculturists, chiefly Italian, in California. A year ago, during a sojourn in Italy, he formulated a comprehensive scheme which he proposed to Signor Luzzatti, Italian Minister of Finance, and through the latter to the King of Italy. That enlightened sovereign summoned forty-one nations to send delegates to Rome. This was done, and the project was unanimously indorsed. It involves the establishment of an International Institute of Agriculture, the aims of which shall be, among others, to collect and disseminate general,

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uniform, and constant statistical information, to prevent plant and animal disease, to frame international agreements having a bearing on agricultural production. As Signor Luzzatti says in the May "North American Review," the circulation of false news as to crop prospects, with the intention to perturb prices, compels both the producing and consuming nations to realize the need for trustworthy statistical information. While conflicting interests might prevent one nation from accepting as authoritative and final the information furnished by another nation, it would be otherwise with the information given out by the International Institute of Agriculture In the latter case the duty of gathering and issuing such information would be in the hands of the world's statistical experts, under the auspices of representatives of the various nations. The Institute would also prod into doing their duty nations which have heretofore kept no tally of agricultural facts. In inviting the nations of the world to the recent agricultural conference, the King of Italy proposed that the vital forces of agriculture should be represented, on the one hand, by delegates from the agricultural associations of every nation, and, on the other, by delegates appointed by the several Governments. Thus some day we may see an international agricultural parliament composed of two houses—the one elected by and representing the farming world; the other, the Governments. Whether this be so or not, there were two special reasons, we believe, why the United States Senate ratified the protocol sent from Italy. In the first place, no matter how perfected our system of obtaining agricultural information is, we must depend upon the less perfected system of other countries for an essential part of data towards establishing a world's summary, and we need to take such a summary into increasing consideration, now that European and Asiatic immigration has become a difficult and even an anxious problem. Secondly, as we were responsible for certain recent glaring swindles in the prices of cotton, we should foster the new Institute so that the world may be freer from artificial manipulation in the prices of agricultural products. It is a satisfaction to learn that the building provided by King Victor Emanuel's generosity for the International Institute, which is to hold its sessions at Rome, is expected to be ready for use next year.

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"John Oliver Hobbes" Comparatively few Americans know that the novelist who wrote under this pseudonym, but whose real name was Pearl Mary Teresa Craigie, was an American, and her vogue on this side of the ocean was not at all due to that fact. Long residence in England and the fact that most of her work in fiction deals with English society and characters place her books with those of the later school of English novelists, although she was in a sense cosmopolitan in her study of intellect and temperament. An English paper remarks that although she had printed many books, plays, and essays, "her style and outlook on life were still unfixed, and the development of her genius seemed to show much greater possibilities." The fact is that, with brilliant powers as a writer of epigram and paradox, with astonishing keenness in probing the insincerities of modern society, and with views of the philosophy of life which were always expressed in an original and sometimes a startling way, Mrs. Craigie was quite deficient in constructive force, and her characters, although subjectively well conceived, did not have that semblance of actuality which only the born fiction-writer can give. "The School for Saints" is generally considered her strongest work; yet those of us who read it and were impressed with it ten years ago or so might find it difficult to recall individual characters and principal situations, although the impression made by the style (some one has said that her writing was a compromise between her style and her sex) and the extremely clever give-and-take of the dialogue remain in memory. Mrs. Craigie's death in London last week was sudden, although she had previously had slight heart attacks.

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Mr. John Morley's Address on India

Mr. John Morley is both by temperament and training a Liberal, though not a Radical. A believer in the rights of the people, he is no less a believer in the necessity of law. His belief in popular rights has been emphasized in literature by his series of French Biographies and in his Life of Oliver Cromwell; in politics by his vigorous opposition to the policy of Mr. Chamberlain and the Boer War which that policy produced. He could not properly be called—to use the English phraseology—a "Little Englander," but he certainly is—to use the American phrase—an "Anti-Imperialist." The speech of such a man, officially declaring, as Secretary for India, the policy of the Government, is not only significant in its bearing on English politics, but also illuminating in its bearing on American problems. It has been listened to with profound attention by the people of England. Two points in it are especially worthy of consideration by Americans.

In India the State as an organization has undertaken the ownership and control not only of great lines of railway communication, but also of other public industries. "It constructs railways and canals; it conducts irrigation operations; it conserves forests." At first the State railways were operated at a loss, and they continued to lose money for the first eight or ten years of their operation; but in 1899–1900 this loss "turned to a modest gain of £70,000, and this had steadily mounted until 1904–5, when it topped £2,000,000. The figures for 1905–6 show a slight fall, but still it topped £1,000,000." This profit was made with an average charge for each passenger of less than half a cent a mile. The total financial result of State operation of industries, of which Mr. Morley says, "I make a present of it to my Socialist friends," is thus summed up by him:

> The net charge this year for interest other than interest on railways and irrigation works is £800,000; so that you have the important fact that the railways and irrigation, after meeting all charges for working and interest, yielded a revenue of £3,102,000. That is to say, these receipts cover the interest on the ordinary debt about four times over. That is a very striking and remarkable fact.

The increase both in passenger and freight traffic in India during the thirty years of their operation by the State adds force to this argument. In 1878, according to the Encyclopædia Britannica, the total number of passengers carried on all railways was less than thirty-nine millions, and the total tonnage a little over eight millions. In 1905 the railways carried two hundred and fifty millions of passengers and fifty-six million tons of goods. We think that the most determined opponents of State and national industries must recognize the significance of these facts. They do not prove that it is wise for the United States to undertake such industries. We are a young nation, in process of formation, and our politics is crude and not infrequently corrupt. But England's experience in India does prove that under favorable conditions the ownership and operation of the railways by the State may be a great source of income to the State without increasing the cost to the traveling public. The American Nation may not be ready to enter upon this experiment, but it ought not to deprive itself of the power to undertake for the public welfare such public works whenever it can carry them on with profit to the public.

Not less significant is Mr. Morley's treatment of the political and social problems presented by conditions in India. "Every one—soldiers, travelers, and journalists—they all tell us that there is a new spirit abroad in India." This new spirit, Mr. Morley says, ought not to surprise the English people. It is not possible to give India schools, newspapers, literature, freedom of discussion, facilities for intercommunication, and not have as a result a new spirit. The ability of the East Indian to cope with the Englishman in certain departments has received striking demonstration. "There is this year a Senior Wrangler from India; and I was told by the Master of Trinity that he was Senior Wrangler after two years' residence, when all the others in the class had had three years' residence." This new spirit Mr. Morley would not repress nor discour-

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age; he would welcome and direct it. It may and will produce some dissatisfaction, but because a man is dissatisfied it does not follow that he is disaffected. "Our own reforms and changes have been achieved by dissatisfied men who were no more disaffected than you or I." The East Indian is a man, and his humanity is the deepest element in him, and it entitles him to be treated by Englishmen as a man. But he is also an East Indian, and what is peculiar to his thought and temperament is also to be treated with respect. What Mr. Morley says on this subject is worthy to be commended alike to traders, to publicists, and to missionaries who have to deal with foreign peoples:

> In all that I have said I shall not be taken to indicate for a moment that I dream that you can transplant British institutions wholesale into India. That is a fantastic and ludicrous dream. Even if it could be done, it would not be good for India. You have got to adapt your institutions to the conditions of the country where you are planting them. You cannot transplant bodily the venerable oak of our constitution to India, but you can transplant the spirit of our institutions—the spirit, the temper, the principles, and the maxims of British institutions.

In the realm of politics Mr. Morley, on the one hand, opposes universal suffrage for India; on the other hand, he implicitly approves an extension of the representative element in the Legislative Council, and a liberal interpretation and impartial administration of the principle embodied in a sentence of the Queen's Proclamation of 1858: "It is our further will that, so far as may be, our subjects, of whatever race or creed, be freely and impartially admitted to office in our service offices, the duties of which they may be qualified by their educational talents and ability duly to discharge."

Mr. Morley in his speech embodies all that is best in the spirit of the so-called anti-imperialistic movement in America—its demand that the rights of our dependent people shall be safeguarded and their personality shall be treated with full and unfeigned respect. It rejects what is erroneous in the assumptions of the anti-imperialistic journals and partisans in America—the doctrine that universal suffrage is a universal right, that all men are competent to govern themselves without previous preparation in the art of self-government, that each community is to be left to carve out its own destiny without interference from any other community, and that the attempt by a highly civilized power like Great Britain to protect persons and property and lay the foundations of a future civilization in an imperfectly civilized country like India is condemnable despotism.

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The Witness of Life to Theology

Certain religious faiths which modern rationalism sometimes curtly dismisses as out of date the modern novel brings back as a present-day experience. This truth is strikingly illustrated in two recent novels—"Coniston," by Winston Churchill, and "The Awakening of Helena Richie," by Margaret Deland.

That there is a time of judgment when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, that the truth shall then be made known to those who have been most blind to the truth, that men who have wrapped themselves in garments of lies shall find the garments stripped from them and they shall know themselves and be known by others as they really are, that this time of judgment will come with a swiftness of revelation appalling, terrible, but unescapable, is a faith which modern rationalism dismisses as a relic of mediæval superstition. Winston Churchill brings it back again as a faith testified to by modern experience. Jethro Bass has been a political boss. Sagacious, masterful, not without generous impulses, but politically unscrupulous, he loves with the whole strength of his nature an adopted daughter. She has inherited Jethro Bass's youthful affection for her mother, and has intensified and strengthened that affection by the purity and beauty of her own character. She loves, admires, reveres him. She learns the story of his political machinations, the corrupt and debasing methods by which he has climbed to power. Instantly she returns to her village home to seek him, hoping against hope to obtain from him

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a denial of the story which she has read. Thus the dramatist describes the interview between them:

"Won't you speak to me?" she whispered. "Won't you tell me that they are not true?"

His shoulders shook convulsively. O for the right to turn to her and tell her that they were lies! He would have bartered his soul for it. What was all the power in the world compared to this priceless treasure he had lost? Once before he had cast it away, though without meaning to. Then he did not know the eternal value of love—of such love as those two women had given him. Now he knew that it was beyond value, the one precious gift of life, and the knowledge had come too late. . . . That was a Judgment Day for Jethro; and though he knew it not, he spoke through Cynthia to his Maker, confessing his faults freely and humbly and dwelling on the justness of his punishment, not putting forward any good he may have done, nor thinking of it, nor seeking excuse because of the light that was in him. Had he been at death's door in the face of nameless tortures, no man could have dragged such a confession from him. But a great love had been given him, and to that love he must speak the truth, even at the cost of losing it.

Nor is the torture of that hour lessened, rather is it enhanced, by the revelation of the divine truth that not even flagrant sin can destroy love. By that invincible love the sin stands out revealed as still more hideous. Jethro's unworthiness of that love is still more deeply and remorsefully felt because of Cynthia's reply: "Uncle Jethro, I love you better than I have ever loved you in my life." This love both judges and redeems, both punishes and saves. In very truth the judgment, the redemption, the punishment, and the salvation are all one. "All's love, yet all's law," says Browning. Yes! and love is judgment as well as law, and punishment as well as judgment.

The other Christian faith which modern skepticism scoffs at as unscientific is the faith that the sin of one can be laid upon another, and the sacrifice of that other can save the one who has sinned. This truth, which skepticism scoffs at as pagan, Margaret Deland interprets as a universal human experience. Mrs. Richie, abandoning her cruel, unworthy husband, seeking her own happiness and claiming the right to seek it where and how she will, regarding the marriage tie as a convention which one may observe or not, following her own self-will and leading a false life in Old Chester, where her lover visits her as her brother, arouses the worshipful admiration of an untrained boy, who has a madness which is akin to genius. He worships her as his ideal of truth and goodness and purity. His incense brings her happiness, and she accepts it unthinkingly. He is told of her unworthiness; denounces the statement as a lie; comes to her for a reassurance of his faith; learns from her that she is unworthy; sees his ideal of purity, goodness, and truth shattered; nay, more than that, is robbed of the only ideal he has ever had in his life—and kills himself. This tragedy of his death, this falling upon others of the evil consequences of her sin, calls her to herself as nothing else could have done.

Until now nothing had ever shaken that shelter. Nor had its dark walls been pierced by the disturbing light of any heavenly vision declaring that when personal happiness conflicts with any great human ideal, the right to claim such happiness is as nothing compared to the privilege of resigning it. She had not liked the secrecy which her shelter involved; no refined temperament likes secrecy. But the breaking of the law, in itself, had given her no particular concern; behind her excusing platitudes she had always been comfortable enough. Even that whirlwind of anger at Benjamin Wright's contempt had only roused her to buttress her shelter with declarations that she was not harming anybody. But sitting there between William King and his wife, in the midst of decorously mournful Old Chester, she knew that she could never say that any more; not only because a foolish and ill-balanced youth had been unable to survive a shattered ideal, but because she began suddenly and with consternation to understand that the whole vast fabric of society rested on that same ideal. And she had been secretly undermining it! Her breath caught, strangling, in her throat. In the crack of the pistol and the crash of ruined family life she heard for the first time the dreadful sound of the argument of her life to other lives; and at that sound the very foundation of those excuses of her right to happiness rocked and crumbled, and left her selfishness naked before her eyes.

What first brought her to see the selfishness of her life was not the suffering it had brought upon her, not the shame with which her irate neighbor had regarded her; it was the ruin which her unworthiness had brought upon a

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wholly innocent family. She had still to learn that her sin was not merely in her disregard for the conventions of society; she had still to learn that it could not be put away by merely conforming to the conventions of society; she had still to learn that she was not worthy to keep her adopted child until she was ready, because of her unworthiness, to give him up. But the first beginning of her awakening came in her perception that her sin was bringing terrible suffering into other and innocent lives.

Theology may have misinterpreted the terrors of the law, of judgment, and of penalty. We think it has misinterpreted those terrors. But they are not lessened because they are the terrors of an illuminating love. Theology may have misinterpreted the truth that the guilty are saved by the suffering of the innocent. We think it has misinterpreted that truth. None the less, there is no experience more universal and none more profound than this: that the death of one gives life to another; that the suffering of one brings redemption to another; that we are saved, not by a deterrent fear of a self-borne penalty, but by the awakening and life-giving inspiration of penalty borne by love and for love's sake.

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The College and the Community

From a number of letters commenting on Mr. Birdseye's article on Greek-letter fraternities and on the editorial which accompanied it, The Outlook prints one of the most vigorous on the correspondence page. This article touches very sharply one of the dangers of the college fraternity and gives expression to one of the criticisms most often heard. Other correspondents have urged the tendency of these fraternities to withdraw men from the general activities of the college, to diminish college spirit, and to foster a snobbish or exclusive attitude. This criticism is involved in that presented by a "College Graduate." It has also been suggested that the fraternities, by the building of clubhouses, create tempting facilities for loafing.

There is force in all these criticisms, and there are fraternities, or at least chapters of fraternities, against which they are well taken. The Outlook, in discussing Mr. Birdseye's article editorially, did not overlook these dangers; what it tried to point out was the fact that the college fraternity is here to stay; that, for good or for evil, it has become part of the college system; that the wise way to deal with it is to recognize its existence, its dangers, and its possibilities of good, and to minimize the dangers and emphasize and develop the possibilities of good.

It cannot be too often or emphatically pointed out that social organizations of some sort always have existed and always will exist in colleges, and that such organizations are likely to be abused; that, in the nature of things, some men who ought to be included are excluded; that men who are drawn together by natural affinity are always in danger of developing a spirit of exclusiveness; and that in every college, as well as in every small community, there are men and women who feel hurt because they are left out of certain sides of social life or certain groups of people. The fact that in many cases this exclusion is due to the absence of qualities which attract and contribute to the common social fund does not lessen the sense of injustice of those who feel that they have a right to be included. The loneliness of the non-fraternity student is due in many instances to the fact that he lacks the qualities which bring young men together; in other instances, to the fact that, as with some individuals in every profession and social circle, he belongs to the group of the unappreciated. Sometimes the fraternity is slow in recognizing good men; sometimes good men are slow in showing their good qualities.

Most of the criticisms directed against the fraternity ought to be directed at the college, and most of the criticisms directed at the college ought to be directed at the society which forms the background of the college. Comparisons of present with past conditions are easy to make, and, for the most part,

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very misleading. We are in the habit of speaking of the Middle Ages as the ages of reverence, piety, and devotion; but the student life of the Middle Ages was not only barbarous but, in many of its aspects, brutal and indecent. There are many student songs of that period which will not bear translation. In like manner, people are in the habit of regarding the Puritan Age in New England as a period of universal moral integrity and decency; there is an early description of a scene in Harvard College, however, which will very well match the worst modern undergraduate orgy. We are in the habit of thinking of the early post-Revolutionary period in this country as one of Spartan virtue and religious fervor; as a matter of fact, the New England colleges at that time were permeated with blatant infidelity.

It is the feeling, apparently, of a good many older graduates that, as compared with their own time, the college of to-day is a place of irreligion, extravagance, and immorality; that the old-fashioned virtues of simplicity, frugality, sobriety, and industry have gone. Those who have studied these matters are persuaded that these criticisms are not well grounded; that the religious life of the colleges, though it has changed its form, is quite as ardent and influential as in any earlier time. Dr. Hodge's recent article in The Outlook gave important testimony on this point. At a college reception one commencement season not long ago an old graduate, looking at the throng of well-dressed young men about him, remarked to the writer that there had been a great falling off in moral earnestness since his time. There happened to be a group of four or five well-bred, well-dressed, attractive young men in evening dress at a short distance. The old graduate's attention was called to these men, and when he was told that they were all men of great moral earnestness, and that they were all going into missionary work in some form, he expressed the greatest astonishment. In his time young men who intended to be missionaries were not in the habit of wearing evening dress; and he was not taking into account the difference in the social habit of the whole country. It is true that colleges are much more luxuriously housed than they were fifty years ago, but so are the students who come to them. The colleges have kept pace with the homes; and, almost without exception, their better housing means, not luxury, but better physical conditions, more room, more privacy, more air, more baths.

The old graduate regards the entrance of athletics into college life, and its recognition by the authorities as a part of that life, as an intrusion into years which ought to be given entirely to studious pursuits, and as lowering the tone of college communities. Now, it is true, as The Outlook has often pointed out, that athletics fills too large a place in college life, involves too much expense, has confused the sense of values and distorted the perspective of college students; but these are the abuses of a sound instinct, the excessive development of a wholesome tendency. The training of the body is quite as much a matter of education as the training of the mind; and, in a free and harmonious development, the cricket-field, the rowing course, and the ball-field have quite as legitimate a place as the lecture-room and the laboratory. It is beyond question that athletics has raised the moral tone of American colleges by very seriously diminishing the worst forms of dissipation.

In an article on "Wealth and Democracy in American Colleges," in a recent number of "Harper's Magazine," President Hadley says many things which ought to be read by all old graduates, and among these things none are more important than his comment on athletics. After pointing out the temptations which athletic interests offer and the excesses to which they are sometimes carried, the President of Yale says: "But these errors of judgment and these incidental evils should not blind us to the fact that intercollegiate athletics make the students get together in the old-fashioned, democratic way, teach them to despise luxury whenever it interferes with efficiency for what they regard as the common good, and form the most potent protection against those minor forms of self-indulgence which

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are so often a first step in the direction of major evils."

American colleges, as at present constituted, are open to criticism at several points, especially on the educational side; but, so far as luxury, extravagance, the tendency to take things easy, the lack of ardor in work, are concerned, they represent the society about them, and are in many respects better than that society. The college is, on the whole, much more democratic than many of the communities which feed it, much less ostentatious and vulgar in the use of money than many of the homes from which its students come, and far more bracing in its moral influence and tone than the great majority of villages and towns in which its students live. The American college, all things considered, is much the safest place, morally, for American youth; it is much the sanest place in its attitude towards money; and it is still, fundamentally, the home of a manly, old-fashioned spirit of democracy.

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The Spectator

The Spectator likes localities that have a background of tradition. They are so much more interesting than the new settlements whose history is all on the surface and in the lives of their present inhabitants. The traditions are not always authentic, but the Spectator likes to follow them up. So when a friend of vivid imagination and ardent temperament told him of an old New England house that was by tradition associated with Marie Antoinette, the unfortunate Queen of France, he became interested at once and desirous of seeing it. The story told by his vivacious friend was to the effect that not far away there was a house that had been prepared for the reception of Marie Antoinette if she should succeed in escaping to America during the days when there was still a possibility of her escape from Paris; that it had belonged to an American sea captain who had been deputed to bring over the Queen in his fleet clipper ship; and that, while he had not succeeded in bringing the Queen, he had brought her furniture, tapestries, and wardrobe, which had been intrusted to him in order that the Queen might have wherewithal to make comfortable her sojourn in a strange land. The furniture could still be seen in the old house, it was said; and though some of the dresses had been given as useless finery to the captain's neighbors, there was enough left in the old place to make the journey to it worth while.

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Now, the Spectator is somewhat critical of traditions. He thought it strange that these priceless Marie Antoinette relics should still be found in an old New England residence; but he remembered that truth is stranger than fiction, and started on the quest with an open mind. The innkeeper in the village said that he had heard of the "Antoinette house," but not of any dresses or furniture. He referred the Spectator, however, to a gentleman who would know all about it, and who proved, indeed, to have a fund of information about the old place. He had formerly lived in it himself for many years, and he gave the Spectator a newspaper clipping with a marvelous story about the old house and its original owner. This story, however, he discredited. He had never seen any old furniture or dresses that might have belonged to the Queen, though he was in fact related to the redoubtable captain of old, and knew the tradition. The Spectator asked if it were not possible that some one had a piece of one of the dresses, and was finally referred to another descendant of the captain. This good lady had once had a piece of braid said to have belonged to the Queen, but it had disappeared and she had only a photograph of it. After a long search she found the faded photograph, which pictured the braid, flanked by two pieces of satin, accompanied by this inscription:

> This was taken from the dress which Queen Maria Antoinette wore at her execution by an eye-witness.

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So, in running down this tradition, the Spectator found only the shadow of a shadow. Instead of a mansion rich in relics and associations of the Queen of France, there was only an

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empty, deserted house; none of the captain's descendants had ever seen or heard definitely of any furniture or tapestries brought from France for the Queen; none had seen any dresses; there remained only a photograph of a piece of a dress, vouched for by an unknown witness, without date or authenticated signature.

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The Spectator, in talking with another villager about the Marie Antoinette tradition, remarked that he thought it extremely unlikely that a Queen who was trying to escape with her life should send a lot of her furniture, dresses, and other effects to a vessel to advertise where she was going; he surmised that the story grew out of the undoubted presence of the Yankee captain in France during the Revolution, his possible remark that if the Queen were aboard his ship he would take her to America, and his probable purchase of mementoes or of personal effects from some household of *émigrés*. The rest of the story would easily grow. The villager admitted that it was well to examine these tales somewhat closely, and was reminded of an experience of his youth. When a boy, he used to go to an old blockhouse near the village to play. Among the names carved on the oak timbers of the old fort was that of CAPTAIN KIDD in huge letters. The boy at once concluded that Captain Kidd, the pirate, had used the blockhouse as a stronghold, and he and his mates spent many confident hours in digging for Captain Kidd's buried treasure. It was only in after life that he learned that the blockhouse was built as recently as the War of 1812, while Captain Kidd paid the penalty for his piratical adventures more than a century earlier!

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Another place of tradition the Spectator visited not long after, and here the tradition was much more vital. This was the famous shrine of Sainte Anne de Beaupré, in Canada. Here a vast multitude of visitors come every year, attracted by the wonder-working power of a relic, or perhaps it would be fairer to say of the saint to whom the relic is thought to have belonged. The relic consists of a small piece of bone supposed to have once formed part of the arm of St. Ann, the mother of the Virgin Mary. This is regarded as specially efficacious in the cure of disease, and a great church has been built at the little Canadian village as a result of its popularity and effectiveness. The Spectator was fortunate in visiting the shrine at a time when the relic was exposed to view. It is ordinarily kept under lock and key. When the Spectator entered the church, it was filled to overflowing with a multitude of pilgrims. Not merely were there halt, lame, and blind, but many who were without bodily defect and seeking spiritual grace. Near the Spectator stood a poor hunchbacked boy, resting heavily on his crutches, but with a hopeful look on his pathetic face. The attendant of a paralyzed man in a wheel chair was trying to push through the crowd. Glancing backward, the Spectator saw two great piles of crutches, splints, trusses, and plaster of Paris jackets rising to the ceiling on either side of the main entrance to the church. These had been left by joyful cripples who had gone home cured. The Spectator followed the crowd which was slowly moving up the aisle, and came to the shrine. In a jeweled case, under glass, was a fragment of bone. A crowd was surging about it. Each had but a moment to kneel, kiss the blurred glass (would it have been irreverent to wipe away the memory of the previous kiss? thought the Spectator), offer a prayer, and pass on. An old woman was trying to get a place near the relic for her crippled boy. Such unutterable devotion as shone in the faces of both mother and son! The Spectator thought that if they went away unhelped it would be a greater miracle than any possible cure.

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Then came a sermon—one in French and one in English. The English-speaking priest spoke temperately and well. He talked of the goodness of St. Ann, of the precious relic which had been intrusted to their keeping, and of the wonderful cures which had been wrought in the cases of many who had faith. This was a time when infidelity and foolish faiths were rampant, he said. Christian Science and other isms were doing much harm; but that theirs was

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the true faith was attested by the tree's fruits. Who could gaze at that vast monument of crutches and not be convinced of the kindly intercession of good St. Ann? The Spectator wondered, if cure of bodily disease was to be regarded as evidence of supernatural intervention, why the Christian Scientists should not also have a certificate? and the Mental Scientists? and the physicians who practice hypnotism? and even the old family doctor whom all of us trust and love? But these comparisons were not made by the preacher, who closed with a stirring appeal to all who were sick to devote themselves with fervent faith to the supplication of the saint, and, if it was the will of God, they would be cured.

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The Spectator was desirous of seeing some one who had been cured, but no miracles were wrought while he was at Ste. Anne de Beaupré. He asked a kindly old lady, who was gazing at the jewels left by grateful visitors, whether she had seen any cures. No, she said, but she had heard of a little crippled boy who was cured yesterday; and she knew of a little paralyzed girl who had just come, and whose parents had great hopes of a cure. Had she seen the boy? "No; but she had seen the little girl." Then the Spectator fell in with an intelligent youth who had come with his family for a week's stay at the shrine. He had heard of a young lady from Philadelphia who had been cured recently. Was she here now? "Oh, no; they send them home at once; they don't like them to stay around after they are cured." Possibly there might be a relapse.

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The Spectator has no doubt that there are authentic cures at these shrines, though he thinks that they are probably less frequent than is generally supposed. He had an interesting chat with an old gentleman who had lived in the neighborhood of Ste. Anne de Beaupré for many years—a good Catholic, but inclined to naturalistic explanations of the cures. He had never seen a cure, he said, though they undoubtedly occurred. He did not go out much, and he might have missed seeing them through that fact. Anything in the way of a nervous disease, he said, was likely to be powerfully affected by the high tension of those who were brought into the presence of an object which was deemed to have miraculous powers. Perhaps the good Sainte Anne helped; he did not know; but much, as in the case of any treatment, depended on the attitude of the patient, and in the case of the pilgrims at the shrine their attitude was the most favorable possible for helping toward a cure.

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Whatever view the reader takes of the matter, there can be no doubt that Ste. Anne de Beaupré presents a most interesting study in psychology. When one sees these pilgrims going to the "holy well" and bathing their troubled eyes in the pure spring water that comes down from the heights; or filling their bottles, purchased at near-by booths, with the precious fluid, to take home for the help of those who cannot make the pilgrimage; or thronging the stores to purchase religious charms and then getting them blessed by the priests; when one sees them rapturously kissing an auxiliary relic held out to them by one of the order that maintains the church, or kissing the feet of a saint's statue and then depositing a coin "for the conversion of sinners" who are to be helped by the saint; when one sees them laboriously climbing on their knees, a step at a time, the "holy stairs"—all in the hope of physical or spiritual betterment—one feels that a large portion of the human race still believes in a magical element in life, in occult relations of cause and effect, and in the superiority of mystical to scientific treatment of disease; and that these mystics are completely indifferent as to the reasonableness of believing that the fragment of bone which they revere really belonged to the body of a woman, not even mentioned in the Bible, who is supposed to have lived in Palestine two thousand years ago. They do not want evidence as to this. Evidence? As the old Roman phrased it, they believe it "*because* it is impossible."

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The last tradition that the Spectator will record in this series is of a lighter

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character. All good Americans, when they visit Quebec for the first time, go to the spot where the ill-fated Montgomery fell in battle, in his rash attempt to take Quebec after his capture of Montreal in 1775. High up on the precipitous rocks above the lower city they find the inscription, "Here fell Montgomery, Dec. 31, 1775." As the Spectator stood there musing on the things that might have been, a carriage drove up, containing three ladies. The driver announced, "Here was where Montgomery fell." The ladies craned their necks. "Where did he fall from?" "From up there, madam! He fell from the place where you see the sign, down to the road here, and the fall ended his life." The Spectator was highly amused at this interpretation of the word "fall." Following old Champlain Street, he came to the shore of the St. Lawrence and entered into conversation with an old Irish woman. He related to her what he had just heard; but, instead of sharing his amusement, she said, seriously, "Yis, I've heard my old father tell about it; he said Gineral Montgomery was on horseback when he fell, and the fall killed both horse and rider!"

CHRIST'S SECRET OF HAPPINESS

VI.—THE SPRING OF PERPETUAL YOUTH

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

HUNGER and thirst a condition of happiness? Yes. A good appetite is the first condition of an enjoyable meal. "As cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country." The cold water is delicious because of the thirst; the good news is a delight because love has had a great longing to hear.

The secret of all happiness is desire and somewhat that satisfies the desire. If there is no desire for food, the food is sent away untasted. If there is no desire for the love that is proffered, the love is repellent. What more odious than the caresses that are not wished for? Not to desire is to be dead. To desire and not obtain is to be disappointed. To desire and have no hope of attaining is to despair.

Blessed are those whose supreme desire is for divineness of character, for three reasons:

I. They can be perfectly certain that their desire will be satisfied. One may desire pleasure, wealth, position, honor, influence, and be disappointed. One may desire scholarship, and yet be denied all opportunity to acquire scholarship. One may desire a life of great usefulness, and yet be condemned to spend his life in an invalid's chamber, dependent on the service of others, when he longs to be serving. But nothing can prevent the attainment of his supreme desire if that desire is for righteousness. He may attain it in the palace of wealth or in the hut of poverty; in the academy with the learned, or in the field or factory with the manual toilers; in the life of highest service as statesman or teacher or preacher, or as an invalid, denied all share in the world's activities. There are two promises which, as God's own angels, accompany the one whose hunger and thirst are for righteousness. One, this: "I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness." All the longings of the soul that it may be found at the last without spot, or wrinkle, or blemish, or any such thing, shall be satisfied. The other, this: "He shall see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied." Christ's hunger and thirst for his loved one will be filled. When his work is done, his aspirations for his disciple will be all answered. He will look upon the work of his redeeming love, as God in the beginning looked upon the work of his creative love, and will say of the soul he has made his own, It is very good.

II. Life might almost be defined as the pursuit of some desired object. The higher the desire, if it is satisfied, the greater the joy of life. A good appetite

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and a good meal give pleasure. A desire for beauty and a beautiful picture give a higher pleasure. A desire for a useful life and an open door of opportunity give a pleasure still higher. Highest of all is the desire for godlikeness and fellowship with God, the desire of love for him and the gladness which the assurance of his love brings. This was the joy of Paul when he sang his psalm of victory: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." Not a crown which righteousness will confer, but the coronation of character. This was the joy of Jesus when, as he turned from his disciples to go out through the dark doors of Gethsemane and Calvary, he said: "Father, I have glorified thee on the earth: I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do. And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self with the glory which I had with thee before the world was." What was this glory but the glory of a godlike character? Than this there is no higher blessedness. It is the blessedness of those who hunger and thirst after righteousness; of those who can say with their Master, "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work."

III. They that hunger and thirst after righteousness are satisfied but never satiated. "To satisfy," says Webster, "is to appease fully the longings of desire; to satiate is to go further and fill so completely that it is not possible to receive or enjoy more. What *satisfies* gives us pleasure; what *satiates* produces disgust." Thus one may be satisfied without being satiated, and, what is curious, one may be satiated without being satisfied. The ancient Romans, satiated with their feast, took an emetic that they might return to the table and resume the feast. The covetous man is satiated with his wealth, yet not satisfied; and at the same moment cynically declares that his wealth makes him no better off than his neighbor, and devises plans for adding to it. The ambitious man affirms that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," and reaches out to get another to put on top of it.

But spiritual desires grow by what they feed upon. Their satisfaction never becomes satiety. The visit of the artist to the art gallery at Dresden fills him both with delight and with an intense longing to visit the art galleries in Florence. One opera of Wagner's gives at once great satisfaction and eager desire to hear another opera. The lover of literature, whose shelves are full to overflowing with books, longs for more shelves and more books to put upon them, but he never cynically talks of literature as a "vanity of vanities." He who hungers and thirsts after righteousness is dominated by a desire which ever gives pleasure and never gives disgust. No man who possesses character ever cynically declares that character is of no value. He who doubts the joys of purity attests by his doubts that he is not pure.

The pessimistic philosophy may be epitomized thus: Life consists in the pursuit of desire. If one does not attain it, he is disappointed. If he does attain it, he is disgusted. Either way lies unhappiness. The only escape is Nirvana, existence without desire. The answer of Christ to this philosophy is, Blessed are those who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be satisfied. But their satisfaction will never become satiety. The ideal will grow faster than the realization. The desire will be an eternal desire, the satisfaction an eternal satisfaction. The prize of such a life is in the pursuit. The joy of such a one is the joy of perpetual attaining: "Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the upward calling of God in Christ Jesus." The prize in every attainment is a call to an attainment still higher. He who is mastered by a passion for righteousness has in himself the spring of perpetual youth.

Blessed are those whose dominating desire is for divineness of character in themselves and in their fellows, for this desire is certain to be satisfied; it is the supremest desire, and therefore its satisfaction gives the supremest happiness; and it is an eternal desire, which is ever bringing satisfaction and never brings satiety.

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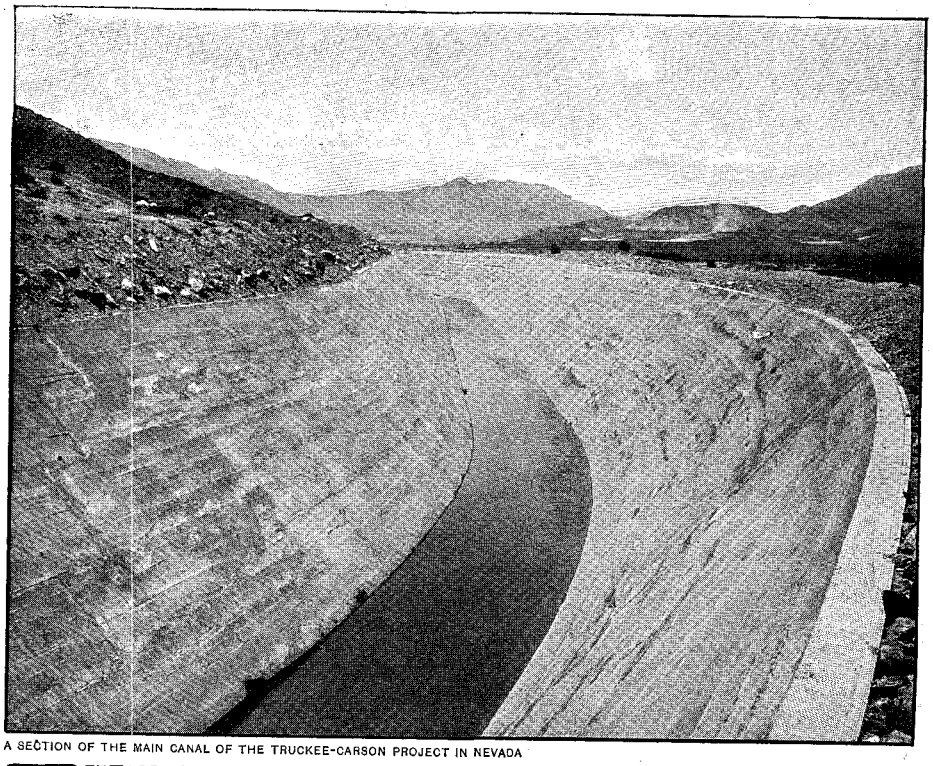
RECLAMATION

THE WORK OF THE GOVERNMENT IN PROVIDING IRRIGATION FOR ARID AND HITHERTO USELESS LANDS IN THE WEST

By F. H. NEWELL CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE RECLAMATION SERVICE OF THE DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR



A SECTION OF THE MAIN CANAL OF THE TRUCKEE-CARSON PROJECT IN NEVADA

THE Nation has entered upon an experiment unique in its scope and character. It has been variously declared to be socialistic or paternalistic, but by the majority it is regarded as good business. It is the reclamation of vast areas of arid lands by means of large irrigation works, constructed by the Government, from a fund derived from the proceeds of the sales of public lands in the several States and Territories which are to be benefited. Such expenditure is to be repaid by the settlers, and the fund utilized over and over again in the construction of other works.

Owing to the lack of knowledge in the eastern half of the United States concerning the peculiar conditions which prevail in the arid West, the question frequently has been asked, Why should the Government advance its money to irrigate lands, and to make a few settlers in the arid regions prosperous, while hundreds or thousands of farms in older parts of the country are struggling against the ravages of drought, insect pests, and deteriorating fertility? What was it that induced Congress to select one class of citizens for special benefits while ignoring the rest?

Only a broad knowledge of the arid regions can make manifest the necessity for this partiality. This section of the

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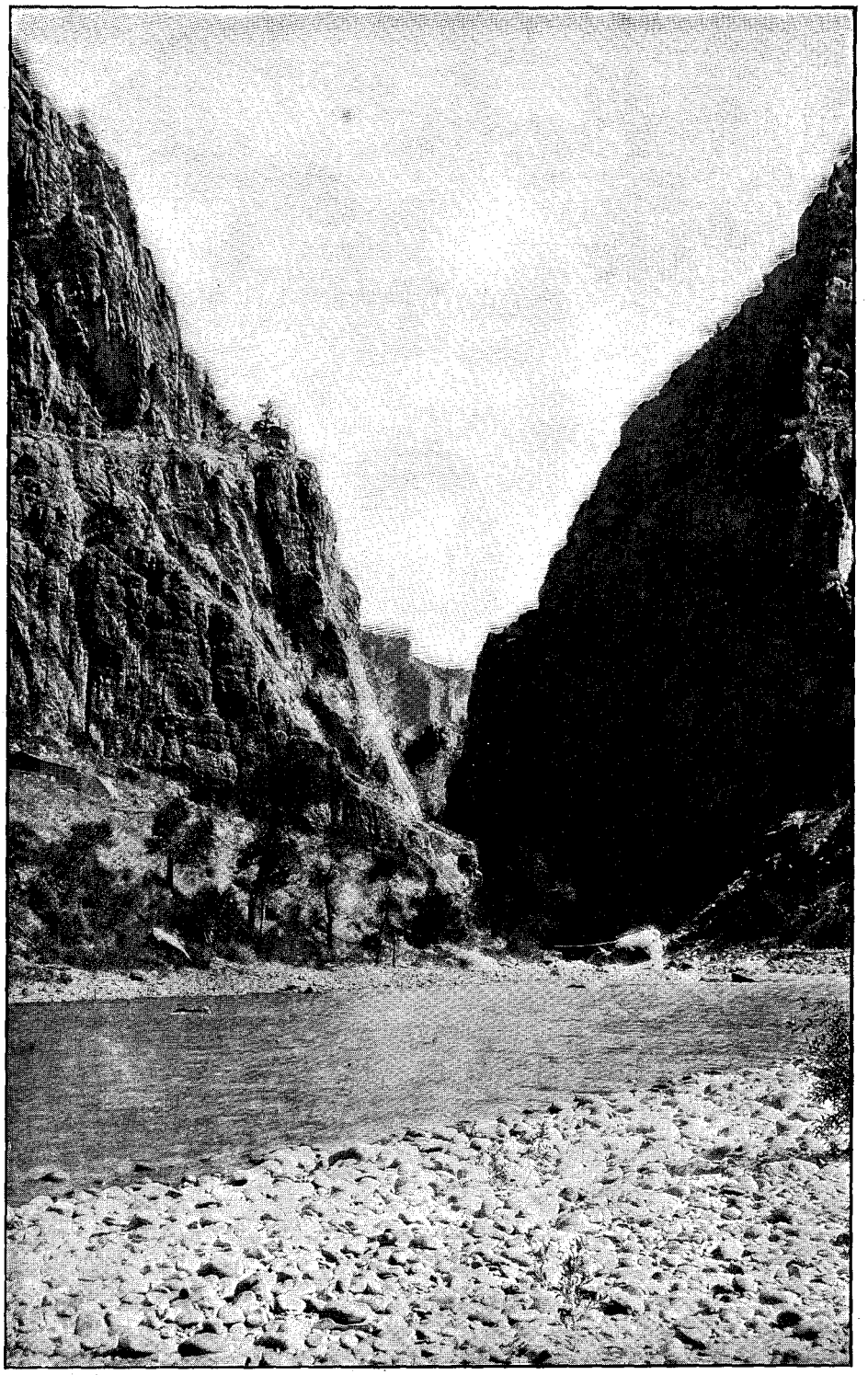

SITE OF THE SHOSHONE DAM, WYOMING

The dam will be the highest in the world, 310 feet high, 85 feet long at the base, 200 feet long at the top

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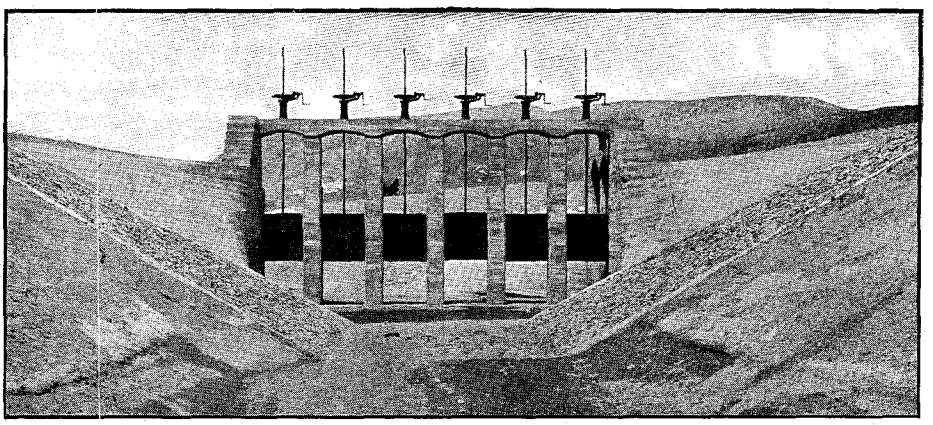
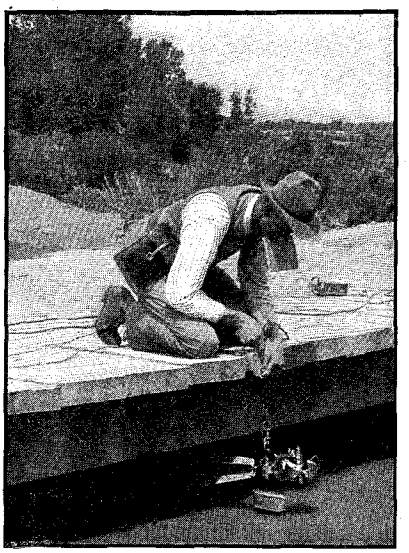


GATE ON THE MAIN TRUCKEE-CARSON CANAL, NEVADA

United States, comprising more than one-third of the whole country, while rich in precious metals, is deficient in the mineral which of all others renders the country prosperous—water. It is a truism to say that water is the basis of all life, animal or vegetable; but this truism is never appreciated until a man has actually endured the pangs of thirst, or has seen his animals suffer or his crops die for lack of a little of the precious fluid.

In the humid regions, where most of the people live, water is so common, and, in fact, so often in excess of the need for it, that we do not appreciate its tremendous importance. Throughout the great West the daily hope and prayer of every man, and the inarticulate wish of every animal and every plant, is for water. The explorer or traveler makes his plans day by day and hour by hour with reference to getting water. The stockman arranges his pastures and directs the movements of his herds to assure their getting a drink once a day or once every second day. The farm or village is located with reference not so much to accessibility or soil as to securing an adequate water supply. The practicability of handling ore and of extracting precious metals depends upon obtaining sufficient water for the work. In fact, everything in the arid region revolves around this central point. The man who controls a spring, although he may own only an acre of ground, may be the lord of tens of thousands of acres of valuable public land.

The gold mine in the desert lures the venturous to a lingering death, and the millions of acres of fertile soil with scanty rainfall are a continual temptation and snare set for the unwary. Private enterprise has already done what it can in the way of furnishing water to the dry lands, but, with nearly ten million acres converted into fruitful farms, has apparently exhausted its field in this direction.



GAUGING THE CURRENT IN AN IRRIGATION CANAL

The greater part of the development already brought about in the irrigation of the arid regions has been by individuals, singly or in corporations. The pioneers, settling along the smaller streams, have dug ditches, and, by joining in their efforts, have enlarged them into canals of considerable size. They have been prosperous, have made homes, and have added

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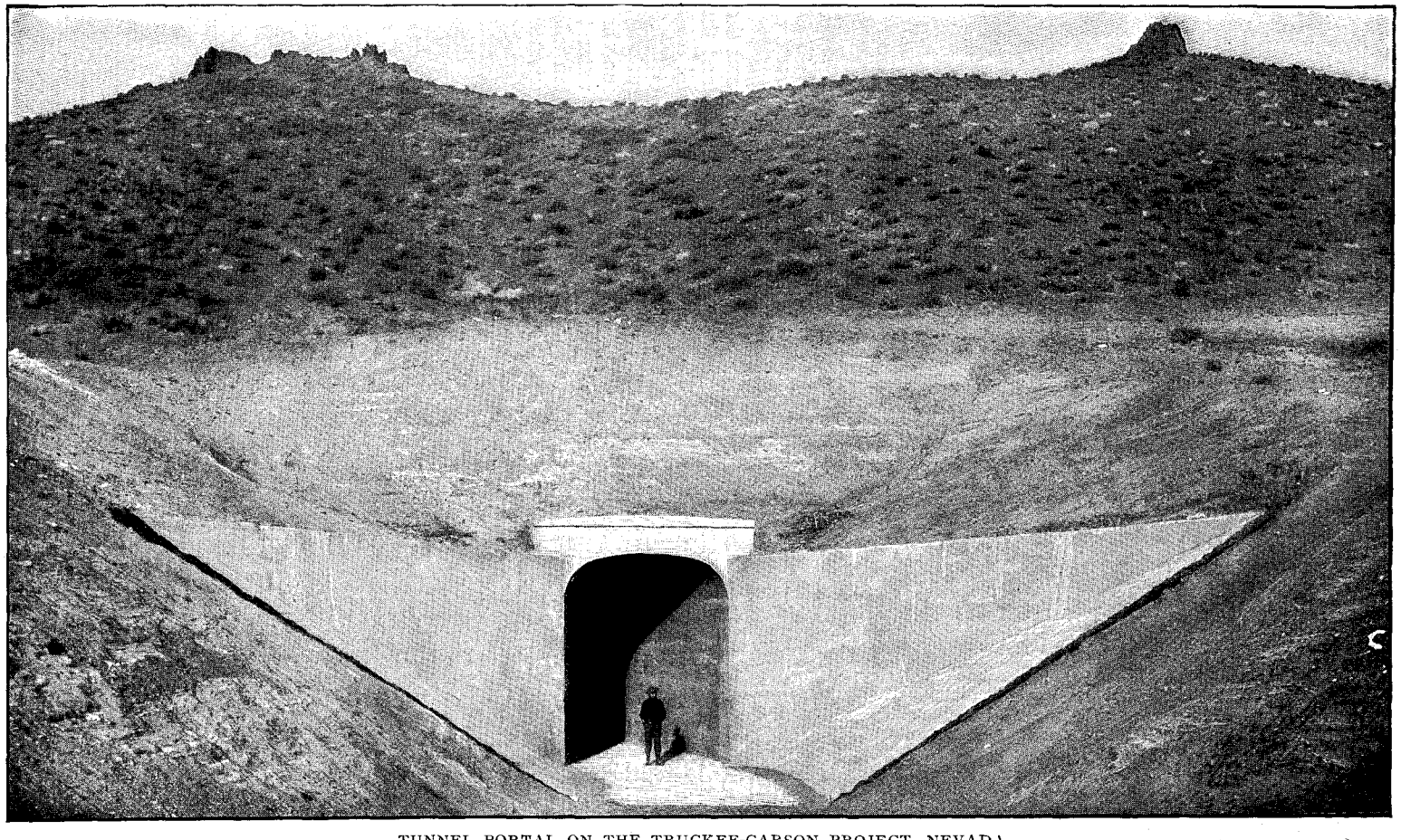

TUNNEL PORTAL ON THE TRUCKEE-CARSON PROJECT, NEVADA

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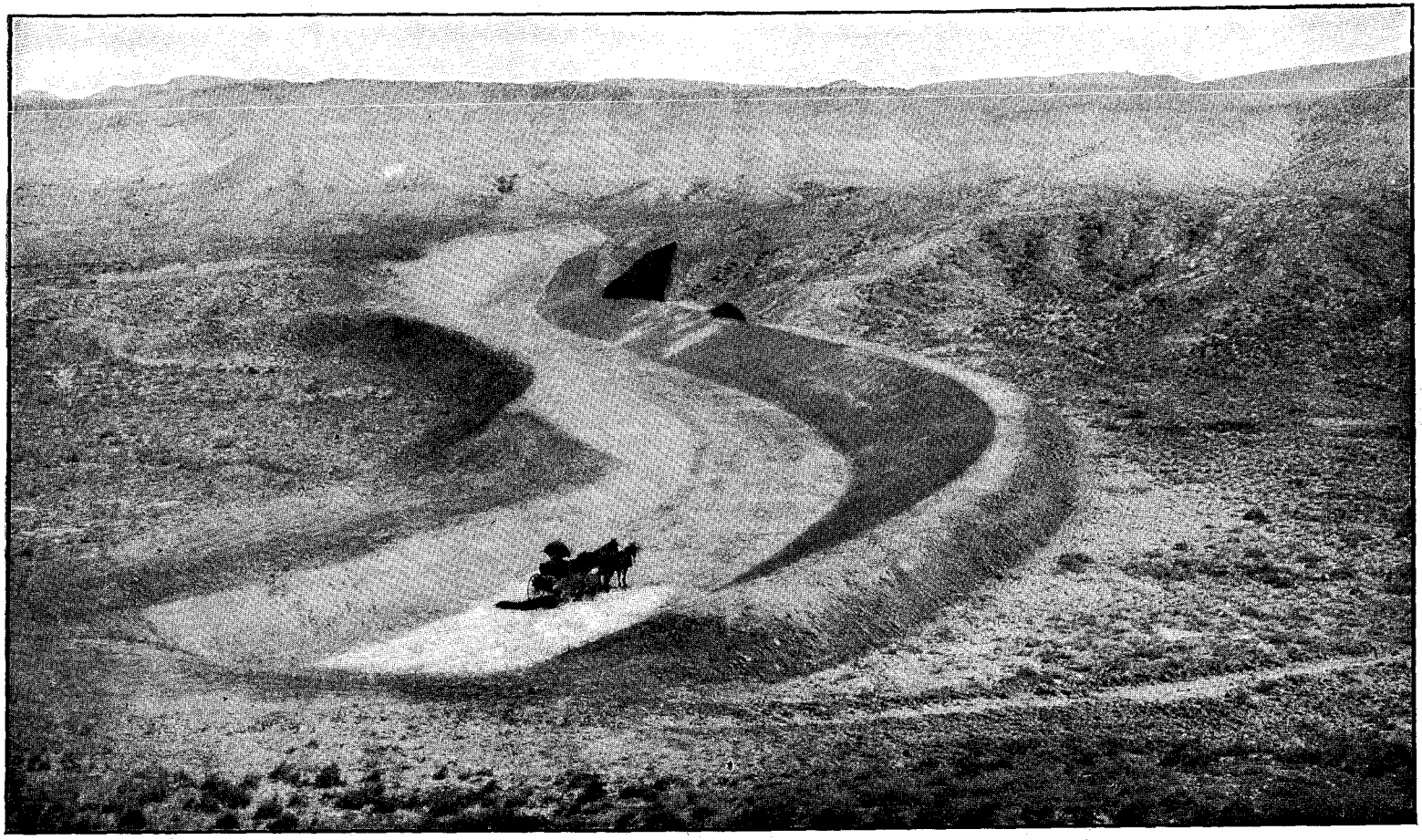

A COMPLETE PORTION OF THE SOUTH CANAL, UNCOMPAHGRE PROJECT, COLORADO

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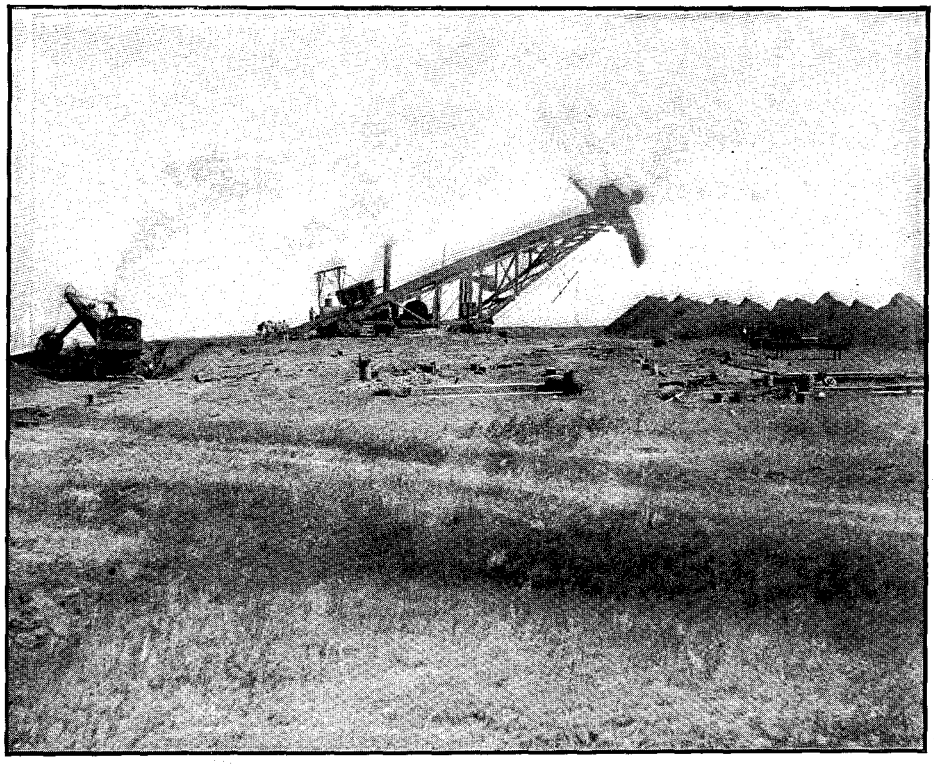

STEAM SHOVEL AND DERRICK AT WORK ON INLET CANAL, BELLE FOURCHE PROJECT, SOUTH DAKOTA

greatly to the wealth of the Nation. Their example has stimulated others, and their success has furnished an exceedingly attractive argument for the promotion of irrigation projects on a large scale.

Millions of dollars raised by selling irrigation stocks and bonds in the East and in Europe have been invested in large works, and corporations formed for the purpose have made hundreds of farms in every arid State and Territory of the West. Unfortunately, the success which in the majority of cases attended the efforts of individuals and co-operative associations, almost without exception has failed to reward the corporation. Instead of fat dividends and huge profits, receiverships and ultimate bankruptcy, with the loss of every dollar invested, have been the common results of speculation in irrigation securities. Communities have grown up under these works and have prospered, but the capitalist who constructed them has reaped no profits from his investment.

These records of success on the one hand and failure on the other have been promoting gradually a growth of sentiment in favor of National reclamation. The Government is the great landowner; it is still the proprietor of the greater part of the arid region. To permit this vast empire to remain in its desert state is practically to wall off one portion of the country from the other. It is to condemn to sterility a section which, possessing an equable and healthful climate and a soil of unequaled fertility, is capable, when furnished with water, of supporting in comfort the densest population of any part of our country.

Congress, in approving the National Reclamation Act, reflected the opinion of the Nation that the people as a whole could not afford to let the public lands lie undeveloped, or see the great resources there squandered or diffused without contributing to the upbuilding of the Nation. In the East we have already a congestion of population in the great cities. In the West are the limitless areas of good lands capable

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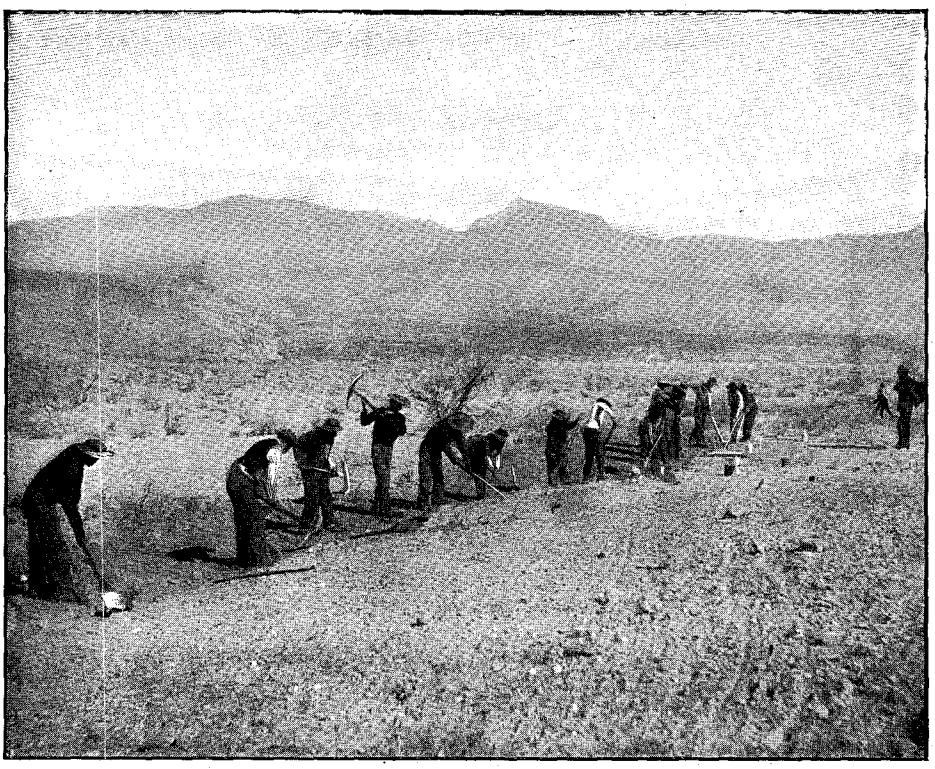

APACHE INDIANS WORKING ON THE SALT RIVER PROJECT, ARIZONA: THESE INDIANS ARE FOUND TO BE EXCELLENT WORKERS

of supporting thousands of industrious farmers. As has been well said, in the East is the landless man, and in the West the manless land.

It must be recognized also that it is not alone in the making of a few thousand farms in these Western wilds that the utmost good will come from National irrigation. Extensive irrigation development is immediately followed by the building of railways. With transportation facilities close at hand, with thousands of acres producing all the necessary products, it becomes profitable to develop mining properties, especially those with low-grade ore. Every family on an irrigated farm also makes possible the maintenance of another family, or at least a considerable part of the family of a wage-earner employed on a great railway or in the manufacturing industries. The thousands of families scattered throughout the West form a home market which is infinitely superior to the markets abroad, and one which need not be protected or upheld by a tariff wall or by bad combinations of capital or labor.

With these facts before them the lawmakers of the Nation concluded that the further development of the arid West must be undertaken by the Federal Government. The Secretary of the Interior, who was authorized by law to take charge of the work, was not unprepared to undertake it when it came to him. For many years the Government has been carrying on surveys and examinations, initiated originally by Major John W. Powell, the pioneer in many lines of scientific investigation. It was Major Powell who first called attention, in his book on the "Lands of the Arid Region," to the great possibilities of the West. He urged National exploitation in season and out of season. His friends in Congress and his friends generally begged and implored him to drop the fad and concentrate upon his great geologic and ethnologic explorations, but the "Old Major," as he was called by his growing family of young assistants, persisted

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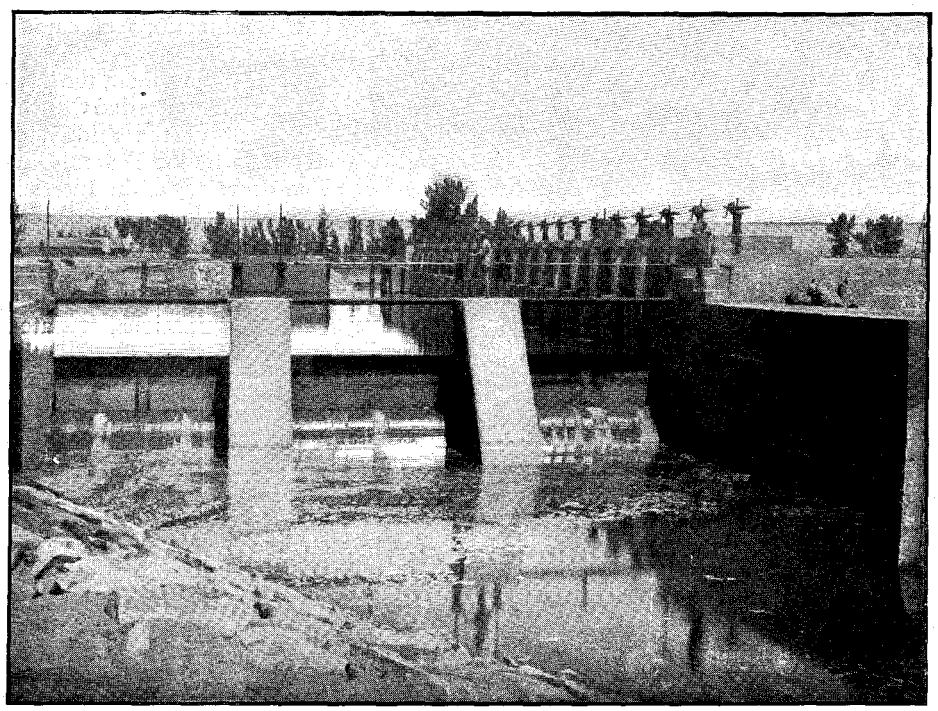
throughout his life in urging this as one of the great works for the Government. He succeeded, after more than a decade of incessant toil and argument, in securing authority from Congress in 1888 to investigate the extent to which the arid region might be reclaimed. He obtained large and increasing appropriations for making examinations of the region and measuring the streams. He sowed the seed and diffused his ideas throughout the land, and lived to see the culmination of his efforts in the passage of the Reclamation Act.

The vast accumulation of notes and of maps was not, however, the only material at the disposal of the Secretary of the Interior. He had a small but well-trained corps of young, energetic engineers, experienced not only in the measurement of streams and the study of opportunities for irrigation, but inured to the hardships which the desert inflicts and to the disappointments which come through the vicissitudes of legislation and appropriation bills.

Immediately upon the passage of the Reclamation Act the Secretary authorized the Director of the Geological Survey, under whom stood ready this corps of men, to organize the Reclamation Service, and without delay the preparation of maps and plans for the construction of irrigation works was begun. From day to day additional men skilled in various lines of work were added to the force, until there grew up a corps of four hundred engineers and assistants, which now constitutes the Reclamation Service.

Actual construction was first begun in the Territory of Arizona and in Nevada. The citizens of Salt River Valley in Arizona had been the most enthusiastic and sanguine advocates of irrigation. They had raised among themselves funds for preliminary surveys; had placed these at the disposal of the Geological Survey; and when the law was passed they were the first in position to receive its benefits.

In Nevada also there had been great activity, largely through the efforts of the Hon. F. G. Newlands, Representative from that State, who had at his own expense conducted surveys and secured the control of several important reservoir sites, which he made available to the



HEAD-GATES AND DIVERSION DAM, CARSON RIVER, NEVADA

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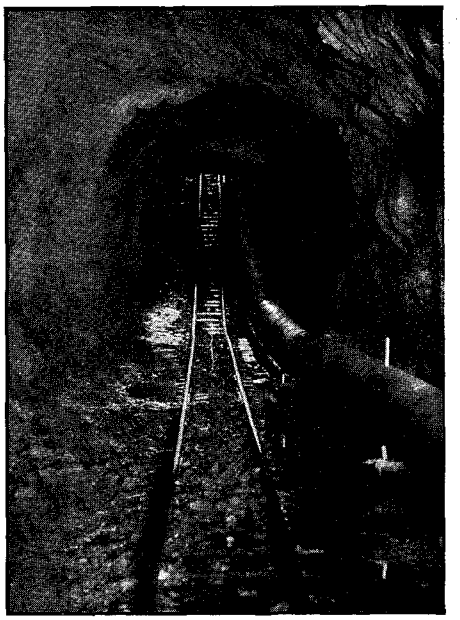
Federal Government. His forethought redounded to the benefit of Nevada and made it possible to begin the construction of works for the benefit of a vast extent of arid land.

In the three years which have elapsed since the passage of the act, plans have been made for the construction of some of the largest engineering works ever undertaken in this country, consisting of dams, canals, and distributing systems. These works are located in thirteen States and three Territories, at points widely remote from one another and from ordinary lines of travel. Construction has been begun on a round dozen of these projects, and some of the works have already been brought to completion. Others have been delayed, not on account of the engineering features, but because of the difficulties of securing adequate co-operation with the men who own irrigable lands or who have laid claim to the available waters. In nearly every instance the human element has been more difficult to deal with than the physical.

Taking the work as a whole, it may be summed up by saying that plans have been made for the expenditure in 1906, 1907, and 1908 of upwards of $38,000,000. Of this amount there have already been invested in works nearly $10,000,000, and contracts entered into for about $5,000,000 additional.

A résumé of the work performed by the Reclamation Service made some months ago showed that up to that time 77 miles of main canal, 54 miles of distributing systems, and 186 miles of ditches had been constructed, including dams, headworks, etc. Tunnels having a total length of 3½ miles had been driven, including more than a mile of the great Gunnison tunnel. More than 250 miles of telephone lines had been installed and were in operation; 126 miles of wagon road, many miles of which were cut out of solid rock in almost inaccessible



ENTRANCE TO THE 30,000 FOOT GUNNISON TUNNEL ON THE UNCOMPAHGRE PROJECT, COLORADO

cañons, 147 bridges, and 50 office and other buildings had been constructed.

The works above mentioned have called for the excavation of 9,350,000 cubic yards of rock and earth, the laying of 70,000 cubic yards of concrete, 12,000 cubic yards of riprap, 190,000 square feet of paving; 150,000 linear feet of sheet piling and 10,000 feet of bearing piles have been driven. There have been purchased 130,000 pounds of railway iron, 250,000 pounds of structural steel, 600,000 pounds of cast iron, 1,750,000 feet (board measure) of lumber, and 78,000 barrels of cement. The Government has erected a cement mill at a cost of more than $100,000, which has already turned out 15,000 barrels of cement, and is now furnishing about 300 barrels a day. The sawmills operated by Uncle Sam have cut 2,880,000 feet (board measure) of lumber from the Government reserves.

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THE MAKING OF A MODERN FARM

BY L. H. BAILEY

NOT long ago there came to my office a man who said that he was a farmer and wanted to ask me a few questions. He had scarcely begun his questioning when I discovered that I should have been the questioner, for the inquiries he made showed that he had a farm philosophy of his own and had applied it successfully. I asked permission to inspect his farm; and when I visited him I found one of the most interesting agricultural establishments that I have ever seen.

The farm is in Delaware County, New York, in the western foothill country of the Catskills and near the source of the Delaware River. It is in a typical hill region. The farm comprises the bottom and some of the sides of a narrow valley. Some of the land is steep and high. The hill farm is generally considered to be an unremunerative farm. Of course there are hills and hills; but the mere fact that the land is steep does not signify that it is infertile or incapable of being worked to advantage. Mr. McDonald, of whom I am writing, bought his 200 acres in 1874 and mortgaged it for $8,500. In twelve years he had it paid for, and from that time on he has been content with his occupation. I wish I were privileged to tell what the net revenues are from this modest farm; I can only say that the annual sales amount to about $10,000.

Mr. McDonald is a dairy farmer. He makes butter for family trade. Some of his customers have been with him for twenty years; this gives the clue to the man—he makes good goods.

Mr. McDonald has developed a most interesting home as well as a profitable farm. Six miles from town, in the heart of the open farming country, he has a mill in which the mechanical work of the farm is done, complete water supplies in residence and barn (the residence is furnace-heated), and electric lights in all his buildings—all developed from resources on his own place.

Of course the interesting and important part of such an establishment is the man and the family. Mr. McDonald was reared in the neighborhood, and had only the rude advantages of the youth of his day. His farm has been his school, and he has been an apt pupil. He has assimilated much of the technical teaching of the new agriculture, but he is yet as indigenous as the trees on his farm. He has developed a strong native philosophy, which expresses itself in quaint and naïve phraseology. He is the type of man that, for want of a better phrase, we call "hard-headed"—meaning that he has knowledge and good judgment without any pretensions or frills. The wife is of the same stamp, with good executive ability and the abiding quality that one finds in fine old farm families. The children are having all the advantages of school and college, but it is apparent that the conservative and thorough training of the home has not been relaxed. Here is a home of substantial attainments, with books and magazines, good cheer and cordial hospitality, all speaking the influence of the wife. I am glad to make these statements, because success in farming is due in a very important degree to the part played by the woman. She is real partner in the business and carries her full share of the load. I often feel that the greatest handicap of the city man when he goes to farming is likely to be the lack of real co-operation of this kind. The reader will now be interested enough, I hope, to pursue my story to the end.

I will first discuss the farming itself, for that is the basis and the reason of all the rest; although for this occasion I shall be obliged to omit a number of

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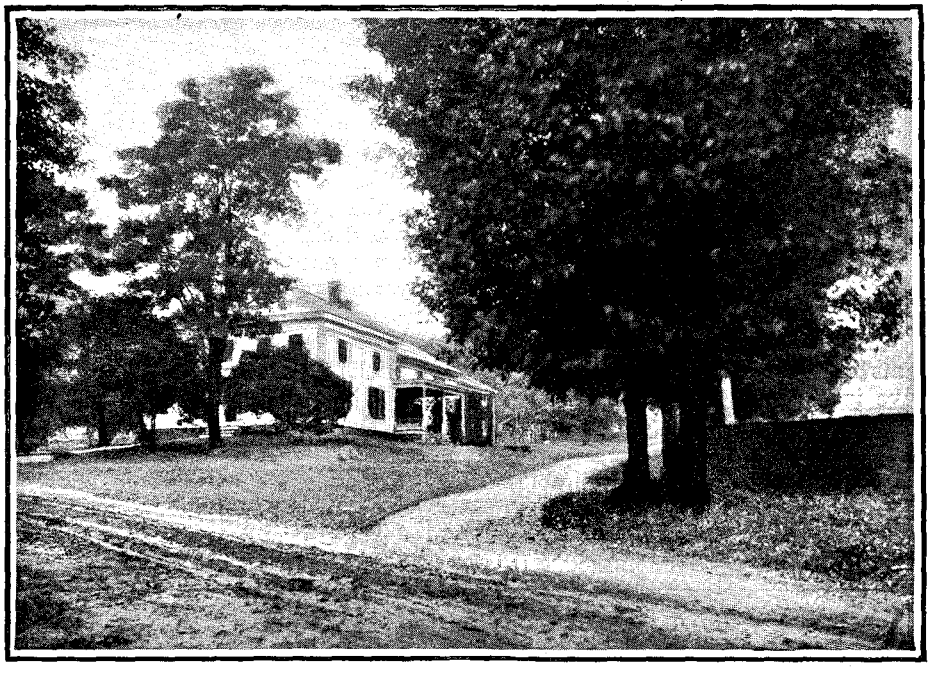
interesting and important technical details. In doing this I am not recommending the things that Mr. McDonald does; I am only describing his methods and giving the results; and I may indulge in some speculation of my own. Mr. McDonald talks to you first about the fertility of the land. In this he reminds one of the European farmer, who gives more attention to maintaining crop-producing power than to tools or machinery. Mr. McDonald begins with the fundamental proposition that his region is by nature a grass country. Grass can be grown with less effort than any other crop. It demands less plowing, and therefore economizes in labor and does not subject the hills to washing. The problem, therefore, is how to grow more grass and how to market it.

There are two general ways in which to market grass: you can sell it direct, as hay; or you can feed it to animals and then market the animals or their products. In selling the hay you sell all the fertility that there is in the hay; and you have no opportunity to increase your profit by putting some of your effort into the manufacture of a second product. If you feed the grass, a part of the fertilizing value is saved in the manure; and every time that you turn over your material and put skill into it, you also stand a chance of increasing its net value. Therefore Mr. McDonald makes milk, and from his milk makes butter.

The amount of grass that will grow on an acre will depend on the fertility in the soil, the way in which the land is handled, and the kind of grasses that are raised. I asked Mr. McDonald how much grass he grows to the acre, and he replied, "I grow just as much as anybody does." This means that he does not give out statements of phenomenal yields for the use of interviewers. But I learned that he buys no hay. I have said that he has 200 acres. Of this, 100 acres is wood and pasture, and about 100 is available for harvesting—that is, for mowing and tilling. He milks about 90 cows. A year ago he had 125 head of cattle and 5 horses; yet he sold 60 tons of hay. Some of this hay had been accumulating for a year or two, but he grew it all. If my reader knows average farm conditions, he will realize that this means unusually good grass crops; but he is likely to say at once that this can-



THE McDONALD RESIDENCE

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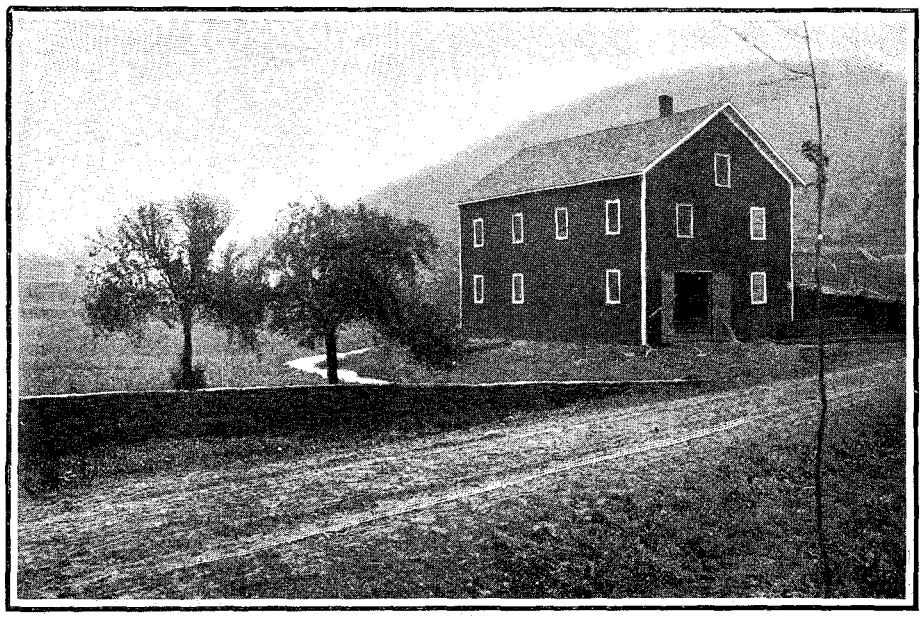
not be done everywhere, and that Mr. McDonald has exceptionally good grass land. Of course this performance cannot be repeated everywhere, not even in New York; but, then, the very lesson that many well-intentioned farmers never learn is to determine just what their land is best adapted to. Yet I see other farms in that very valley that do not produce near the yields that this farm does.

So much grass has Mr. McDonald learned to produce that he does not find it profitable, he tells me, to raise corn and maintain a silo, although he has tried the silo. He has not grown alfalfa and does not care to do so. "Taking it year by year, I can get the fertility out of my land cheaper in grass than in any other crop," he says; "any crop represents only the amount of fertility you have in the soil." It is expensive to plow and plant and till for corn; and the weeds grow fastest when the mowing is on. Only when it seems desirable to plow up land for other reasons does he raise corn. He has about four acres this year. The corn is never husked. It is run through the cutting-box so that there will be no stalks in the mangers, and is fed out as soon as possible. For the rest, all of his place is in practically permanent pastures and meadows—pastures on the hillsides, meadows on the bottoms. "I hate to see a piece of plowed land"—this is his point of view.

The yield of a meadow is usually measured in the weight of hay, but Mr. McDonald wants to measure it also in quality of hay. He wants hay that cattle will care to eat even in midsummer. On about 100 acres of tillable or "harvesting" land, the annual yield of cured hay is about 200 tons. He "won't turn out grass for anything else," but tries to make the grass better when it shows signs of declining. His grass lands are producing one-third more than they did ten years ago, and they are constantly increasing in fertility. He sums up his method in the phrase, "Keep up the fertility, and keep a plant there to use it."



THE MILL AND THE CREEK THAT DO THE MECHANICAL WORK OF THE FARM

The crop-scheme having been explained, we may now turn to the live-stock. The herd is made up of grade Jerseys. At first it was composed of native stock; but it soon became apparent that the best money was to be secured from a winter dairy, and then Jerseys were introduced. At first Mr. McDonald bought only squirrel-gray animals, but he soon found that efficiency is worth more than color, and he

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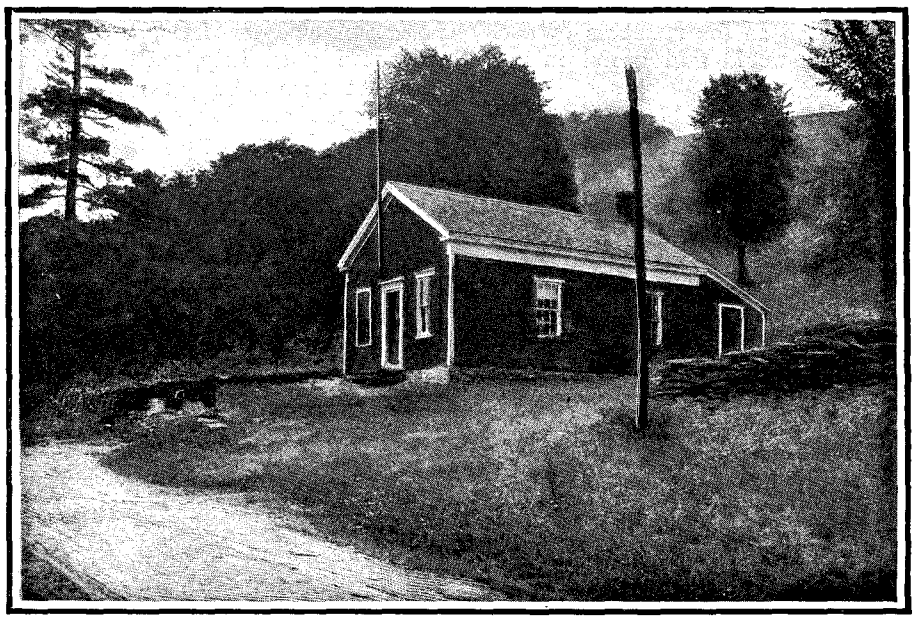
now buys on the basis of individuality of the animal. Now and then one misses in his judgment of an animal, but on the whole this is the best basis of purchase. He has been buying animals for fifteen years, but now he is beginning to raise some of his animals, using thoroughbred bulls. Last year he purchased a Guernsey bull and will experiment with his effect on the herd. The cows freshen in the months of September, October, and November, and the herd is in full flow of milk in December. The Babcock test is appealed to; and when a cow habitually falls below standard, she is turned off. It pays best to raise milk that runs as high as five per cent. butter-fat.



THE SCHOOL-HOUSE ADJOINING THE FARM

The cows are fed some grain the year round. About one hundred tons of grain is purchased each year, chiefly corn and oats; what grain may be grown on the farm is cut green and used for hay. Ground corn and oats can be purchased cheaper than the bare grains themselves. This raises a question in Mr. McDonald's mind as to the contents of the ground feed; therefore he does his own grinding. His feeding mixture is as follows: 300 lbs. ground oats and corn; 300 lbs. wheat bran; 100 lbs. cotton-seed meal. Each cow that is in full milk is given about eight pounds of this feed a day, and all the hay she will eat. He usually feeds the grain himself, gauging the quantity as he judges the animal needs. The labor is systematized by putting together all the animals requiring like treatment. An important feature of this dairy is the utilizing of the skim-milk. It is fed back to the cows, and Mr. McDonald thinks he is enabled thereby to keep twenty per cent. more cows. The milk is poured into a trough running in front of the animals. A cow will be giving milk when she is twenty or twenty-one months old. If he has raised her himself, she has never been without milk to drink, and she never will be without it. "I never wean a cow. Once in a while a cow that I buy is too proud and sticks up her nose; I don't say anything to her, but just let her stand, and I keep the milk running in the trough; she sees the others drinking it; by and by she comes to her milk."

The first point in the making of good and attractive butter is proper feeding and caring of the animals. "The kind of butter you get will be like the food the cow gets." The second point is

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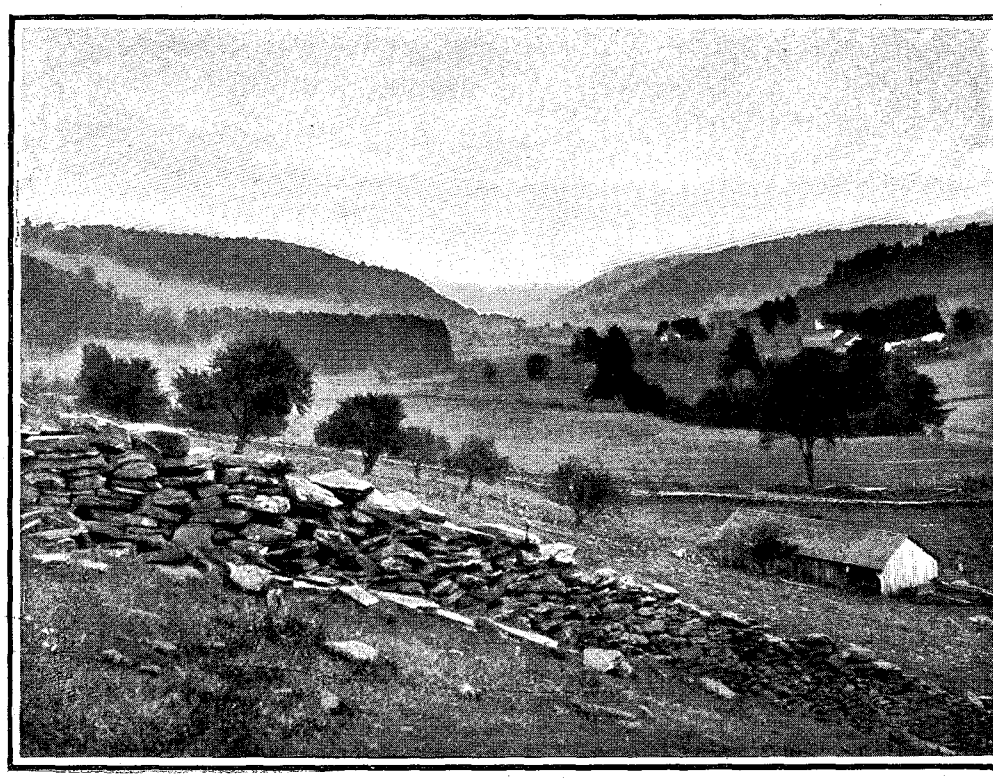
skill and cleanliness in manufacture. Mr. McDonald has a creamery, with machinery and refrigeration. Although he has a butter man, he is himself an expert butter-maker and keeps an eye on the manufacture. The third point is to provide attractive packages. Mr. McDonald makes his own packages, in sizes to suit the order of each customer. These are made from timber cut from his own wood-lot—in this way he utilizes his dying trees—neatly sawed, planed, and put together in the farm mill. One will see natty boxes of maple and other woods, such as the members of a city household would find useful in many ways.

In order to utilize his family trade to still better advantage, Mr. McDonald has put in a poultry establishment, and it is a profitable investment. He has one poultry-house 150 feet long, containing twelve rooms; and there are colony houses in the fields. He now has four hundred laying hens, all White Leghorns. He grows chiefly for eggs, but the three-pound Leghorn cockerel is a good bird for meat. He can supply his butter customers with good poultry and clean white eggs. In fact, his trade has grown until he buys eggs to supply it; but he buys only those eggs that are strictly fresh, perfectly clean, and in every way fit for a good family trade. The poultry business works in well with the dairy business, utilizing labor and feed to advantage. He says, "I try to make one thing hit another."

All this business requires the steady employment of six or seven men. There is difficulty on this farm, as elsewhere, to secure good help, yet the problem does not seem to be so acute. I think the reasons are that continuous and interesting labor is provided and that the men are well treated. I asked whether he had trouble with his men. His reply was characteristic: "A hired man takes an interest in me to the extent that I do in him. A man that is mad at you don't do you any service." He thinks that we must exercise care to



ELK CREEK VALLEY, THE SITE OF THE McDONALD HILLSIDE

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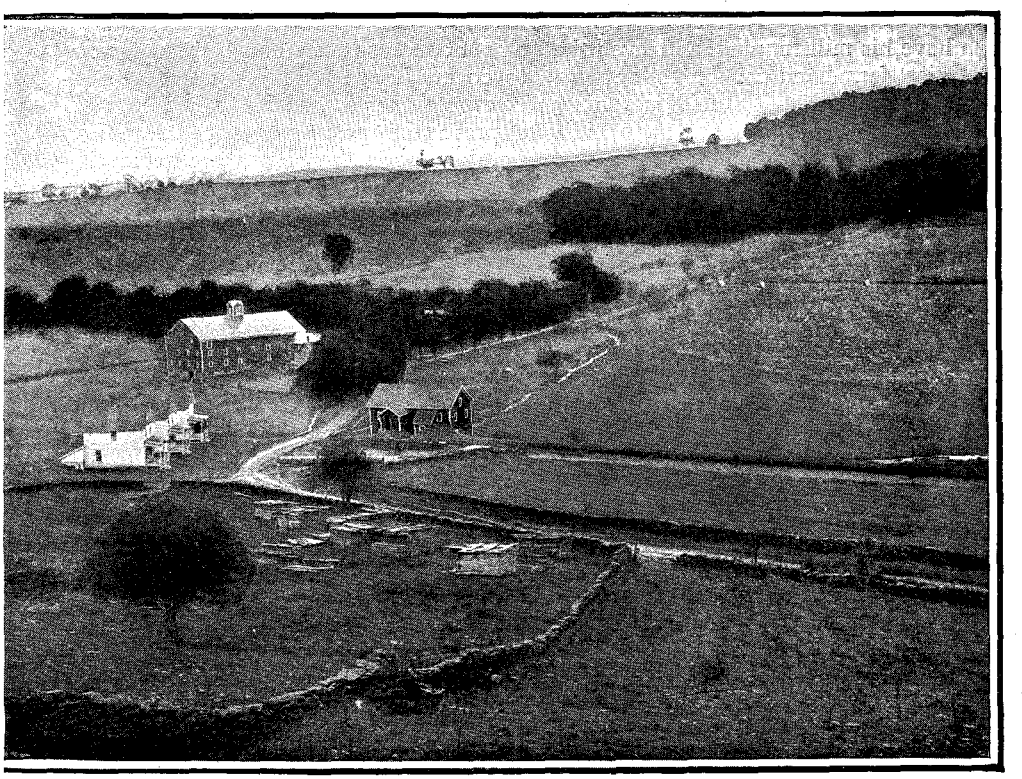
secure more intelligent men, take pains to teach them, and then make the farm pay well enough to enable us to give them a good living wage. "I always pay a man what he is worth; if he hires for less, I make it up to him; so now they seldom ask me what I will pay them." One trouble has been, as he expressed it, that "no man is so useless that he can't be used on a farm." One of the common failings of farm-hands is getting drunk. This is usually due to the lack of intelligent ideals. Mr. McDonald puts the matter in this way: "I don't know any too much when I am sober."

I think that these expressions imply a clear analysis of the practical questions involved in the farm labor problem. There are two parts to this problem, as it affects the individual farmer—to find men, and then to keep them. The farm boy has left the farm, because it is unattractive to him; now the farm laborer is leaving it for the same reason, or, to put the matter in another way, because other labor is more attractive. If the farm cannot pay as much or make life as pleasant as other occupations, it cannot expect to hold the laboring man. The farm laborer has few associates, and the employer is under special obligations to make his life worth while. Time and again good men have told me that they left their places because the farmer did not treat them well. The difficulty of securing labor on farms is one of the secondary problems that arise from the general reorganization and readjustment of agriculture. There is now a movement to stop some of the immigrants in the East and put them on farms. This should be a good thing, perhaps, for both country and city, but I cannot see how it is a fundamental solution of the difficulty. The immigrants will not remain on farms for any length of time, unless they find that it is to their advantage to do so. The best of them will naturally gravitate to the best farmers. I fear that many good persons spend a great deal more effort in trying to find a man than in trying to keep one.



FARM ON THE UPPER REACHES OF THE DELAWARE RIVER

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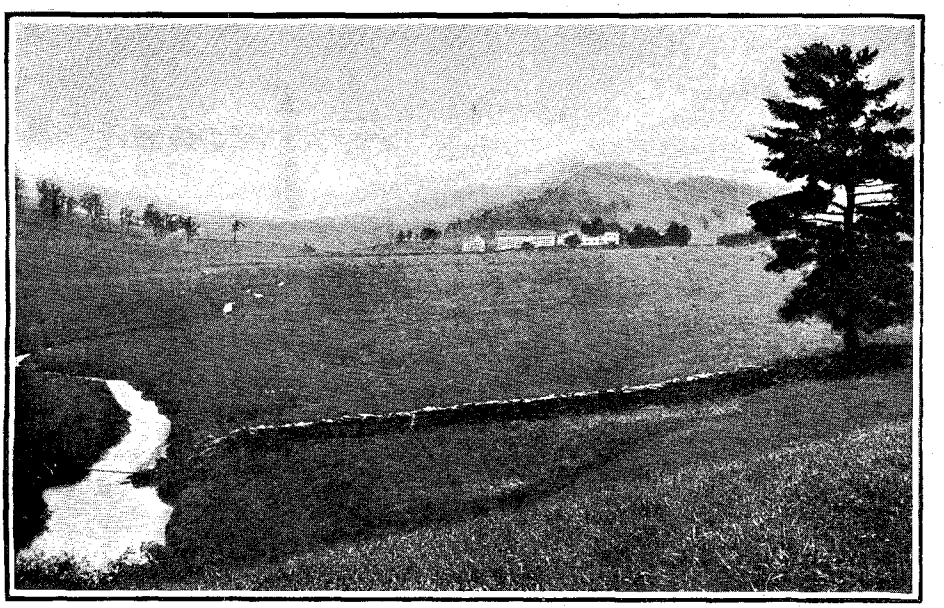

LOOKING UP THE VALLEY, ALONG ELK CREEK

It is a great thing to be able to utilize the hired man's time at all hours and seasons. Here is where Mr. McDonald's mill serves a most useful purpose. In ten minutes after a rain comes up he can have his mill running, and even the clumsiest farm-hand can be put at some kind of work in it. The mill is run by water-power. The mill or "shop" is a plain two-story building near the barns. It contains a light sawmill, feed-mill, cider-press, machine for grinding bones for fertilizer (he buys bones from the boys in the neighborhood), grindstone, saw for cutting material for butter-boxes, planing-machine, and other devices. Some years ago there was a shortage of butter-tub covers. He had timber in his woods, and hired hands to be employed. He invented a simple but very effective device for cutting out these covers, running ten of them each minute. That winter he made and put on the market 20,000 covers. The machine now stands idle in one corner of the shop, having served its purpose.

The power that runs the machinery is supplied by Elk Creek, a tributary of the upper Delaware, that winds its way through the whole length of his valley land. You can step across it. Up in the field he has constructed a dam. The dam is itself a work of economy, for it provides a place for disposing of stones. The fields were covered with small flat stones. On the steep high pastures these stones are allowed to remain, for they do not seem to lessen the amount of grass even though they appear to cover a large part of the surface; it is even a question whether they do not improve the pasture. But from the meadow lands the stones are removed and cast on the dam—it is the cheapest and easiest way of getting rid of them, cheaper than putting them into a stone wall and sacrificing good land, or than piling them in the fields. If the dam is broad and well chinked with earth, no cement may be needed. This dam gives a head of sixteen feet. At the mill is a 25-horse-power wheel, supplying the power for all the machinery that I have mentioned. Mr. McDonald even does some sawing of lumber and wood for the neighbors. The flume, installation, assembling of the machinery and the invention of some of it, are all the work of Mr. McDonald himself. It is very rare that a "mechanical genius" is a good farmer, but here is the marked exception. About the whole place there is apparent a pride of workmanship in both the mechanics and the farming, a quality that is too infrequent on farms.

But this is not all. There is a smaller

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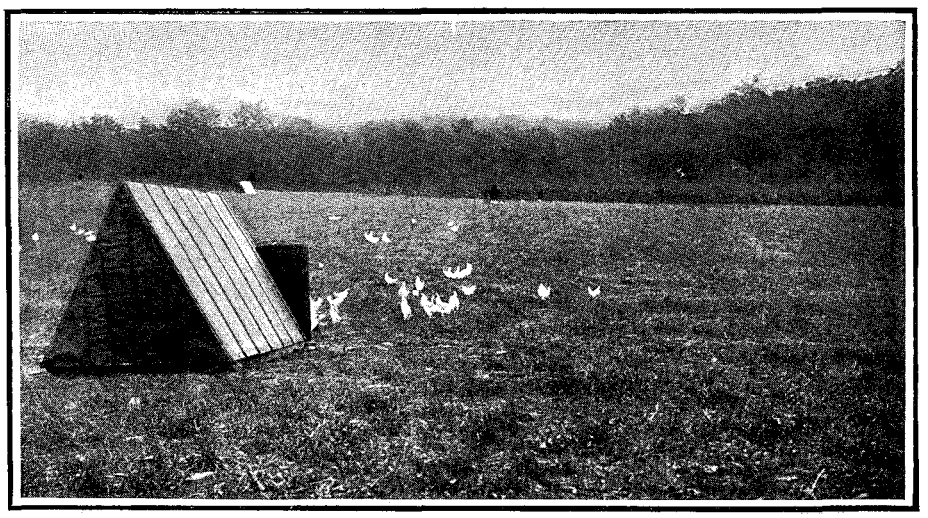
wheel fed from the same flume (a seven-horse-power wheel is just now replacing the old four-horse-power), that runs a dynamo that runs an electric light machine with a capacity of fifty to seventy-five lights. He has about one hundred electric light bulbs in residence, barns, yards, and shop. The cow stables are lighted by electricity. He tells me that all this is not merely luxury—it pays in the extra and more comfortable and effective work in the dark hours and short days. A good part of the farms in the hilly sections of New York could have a similar outfit with very little expense.

Mr. McDonald believes in utilizing all natural forces in order to save human labor and to increase the joys of living. I think that he is troubled about the wind that constantly goes to waste. Were it not for Elk Creek, which supplies his power, I am sure that he would be utilizing it in some unique way. Just now he is making plans for the organizing of a company to determine whether there is a profitable supply of natural gas in his region. Springs on one of the hillsides have been led into a thousand-barrel tank, and from this tank he carries water to his buildings through a four-inch cast-iron pipe, with a head of two hundred feet. He has two bath-rooms in the ample old residence; and he has placed bath-rooms in three houses that he has recently built to accommodate his help.

All this ingenious construction supplies the zest that farm life so often lacks and needs, and it keeps a man alert. It is astonishing, as one stops to think of it, how little the farming people utilize the native forces and materials at their command. We must be training up a generation of men who will have imagination enough to grasp their opportunities. Mr. McDonald expresses his philosophy quaintly: "These things keep me hunting. They put a little more hustle on me."

I am more and more impressed that these good farmers are also good naturalists. They know nature in a way all their own, always sympathetic and alert, with an eye to the practical utilization of it all, but they are usually wholly undemonstrative and even inexpressive of their own feeling. I like to trudge over the fields with them, holding my peace unless now and then to make a suggestion in order to draw out the point of view or to awaken a native expression of opinion. It was my privilege to walk far over the fields with Mr. McDonald on a rainy day, splashing through fresh pools, wading in dripping grass, and now and then sitting on the fence. Every bunch of grass and patch of clover had a meaning—it had been seeded this way or that way, perhaps it had been manured in some former year, perhaps it was the result of mixed and impure seed, certainly its origin and



A MOVABLE COLONY HOUSE FOR POULTRY

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behavior were matters of sensitive and original discussion. On this walk he told me about the army-worms. "They came in a lucky time, for the grasshoppers had just eaten up all the grass. It was fun to see those worms go it. They didn't know a thing. They went right straight ahead and got into trouble when they might just as well have gone around. The creek was in front of them, and they tumbled in by the bushel. They would come to the edge and drop in like a bullet. I had a nest of them down in the barn, and I kept them just to watch their capers. I used to sit over in the field and see what they were going to do. Some of them got headed for the corn-field. When they got there they were in trouble again, for they didn't seem to want to climb the stalks. But whenever a stalk leaned over, they got on to it and then went for the crop. I saw where I could hit them; so I poisoned a lot of corn and laid it along the edge of the field, and that did them up."

I am afraid that my uncritical reader will think this farming of which I have written to be so plain and simple that he can go and do likewise. Let me say to him, however, that the successes are the results of many trials and much effort, and are always accompanied by failures. I have many inquiries from persons who apparently consider that farming is sure to bring financial rewards if it is only "scientific." More depends on experience and good sense than on the "science;" the science is best used by men having just such qualifications. The time element must always be reckoned with in farming. Some persons seem to think of a farm business much as they think of a store business—that it can be set up quickly, run for a series of years, and then be discontinued, the owner in the meantime, perhaps, having acquired a competency. The best farming is a life-work.

One cannot help speculating as to the place that such able farmers are to occupy in the world in time to come. Here, for example, is a man who has the native ability to organize and conduct a large business. He could manage an enterprise of ten times the scope of this farm. Most men with this kind of ability have left the farm. Mr. McDonald remains because he likes the out-of-doors and the independence of farm life and because he is satisfied with a moderate income. Will such men continue to leave the farm? Or will they find employment for their talents in the management of several farms that shall be run in some kind of a co-operative scheme and that shall constitute a large enough business to employ all one's executive talents? Or will the intellectual and spiritual phases of farm life develop to such degree that they will fascinate men above the executive and business pursuits? Perhaps we are now magnifying the value of a business career. I have heard it remarked of good farmers: "Too bad that he stayed on the farm; he might have handled a big business in the city." Is it "too bad"? Is it better to develop a large business than to lead a quieter and more individual life, in what we are in the habit of calling a smaller sphere?

Perhaps I cannot do better in closing this narrative than to give Mr. McDonald's own outlook. "Why do you choose to remain on the farm?" I asked. "Because I like everything so well that I can't help it," he replied. "Were you born with this love for the farm?" "Perhaps so; at any rate, I did not know any other business. When I was once into it, I saw that I had got to like it, in order to enjoy all these beautiful things." "And you do not find it dull and tame?" I inquired. "No; many folks do, and they get lonesome; but this farm is a bunch of problems, and it is constant entertainment to study them out." "Do you not think that you could have done better in some other occupation?" "I might have made more money in some other business; but I am comfortable, and don't have to rush the corners as I used to." "What are the requisites of a man who would be likely to succeed if he went into farming?" "He's got to love the business, be bright, and he must be a general purpose man." "Would you advise a young man to go into farming, then, as a life-work?" "Well," he said, reflectively, "a fellow needn't get very much scared about going into farming."

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MODEL KITCHENS

BY KATHARINE C. BUDD

ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

GAS RANGE, WITH PLATE-WARMER OVEN ABOVE, OVEN AND BROILER BENEATH

WHEN, for the first time, a woman is conducted through a modern office building, she realizes, as never before, how carefully a man plans his work to economize time. The "captain of industry," lounging comfortably in his handsome office, apparently allows those under him to do all the hard work, but closer observation reveals the skillful organization, the clever brain that allots task after task to well-selected helpers, who, aided by mechanical devices, telephones, typewriters, tickers, mail-chutes, elevators, etc., make possible under one management an enormous amount of business.

A woman seldom tries to simplify her mode of life, but, in spite of the increased demands of modern civilization upon her nervous system, wastes her time in trivialities and antiquated customs, and, failing to employ modern methods of lightening labor, often breaks down with nervous prostration. Remembering that to her is confided a high profession—that of home-maker—a woman should avail herself of every assistance in lessening her daily cares. Complaints about incompetent servants come from all directions; something must be radically wrong in the present system of domestic

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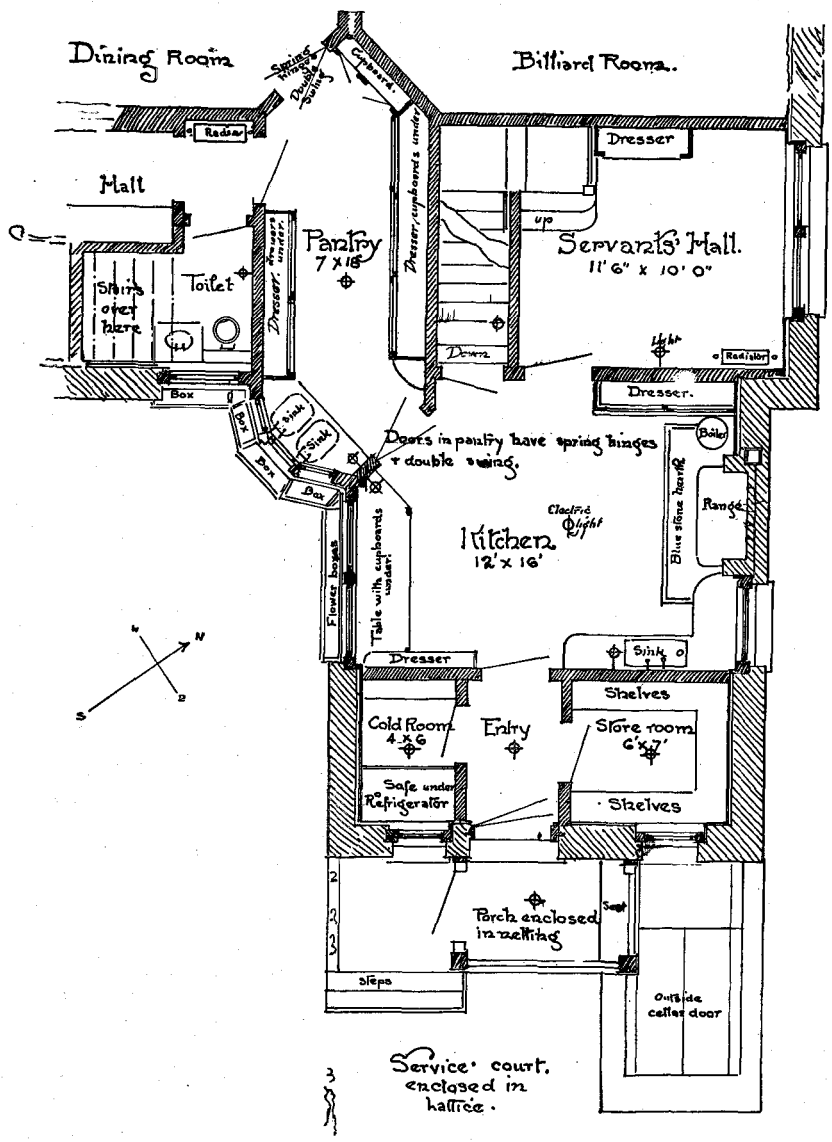

A MODEL KITCHEN WING

This kitchen wing was planned for a house where, although the living is on a very generous scale, only two maids are kept. Everything is intended to economize labor and simplify housekeeping. The main house must be entered through the pantry, which is next the dining-room and near the front door. As it is long, there is ample space for shelves; to save steps, it is very narrow. A wide countershelf runs all around under the dressers. Before the window two small oval-bottomed copper sinks are let in, so that the fine china may be washed in a flood of light. From here the maid can see carriages driving up, but the plants in the boxes outside screen the windows from observation. The kitchen is small and very convenient; it is lined with dressers, etc. There is no table, a wide countershelf with cupboards below being built in next the window. A canopy over the range and cross-currents of air from doors and windows on four sides keep the room cool. The servants eat and rest in a well-lighted room from which back stairs run up to their bath-room and bedrooms. A small porch inclosed by netting opens from a service-yard, screened by a high vine-covered trellis. Tradespeople wait for orders in the entry; the iceman fills the refrigerator from the outside. Across the entry is a capacious storeroom with many shelves and space underneath for barrels. This same scheme may be carried out on a larger or smaller scale to suit the size of the house.

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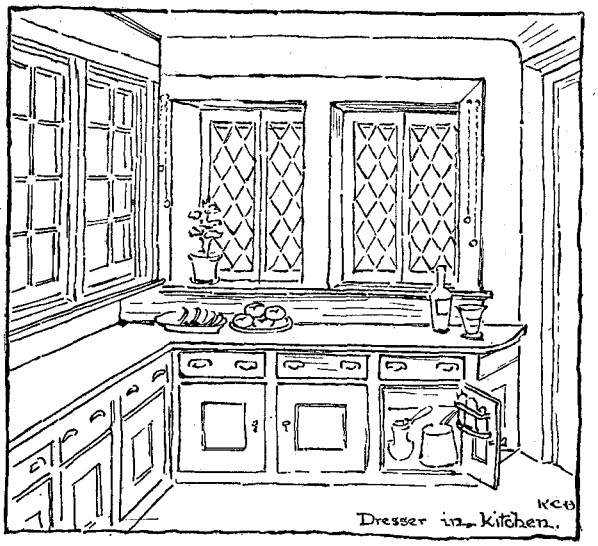
service, for a man rarely finds the same amount of friction in organizing his office work.

A hopeful sign for the future is the widespread interest displayed in all practical matters connected with the household. In one of our great department stores recently a visitor asked to see the feature of most interest to strangers. His guide conducted him to a compartment fitted up as a model kitchen, laughingly assuring him that it excited more comment than all the other attractions of the shop put together. "Last Thanksgiving," said he, "this was arranged in our show window. Whenever I had a spare moment I enjoyed listening to the remarks of the passers-by; even the flightiest of young girls thought that housework might be a pleasant task in such a pretty, convenient place. Said one: 'Mother, this is much nicer than our parlor, yet how simple everything is! Why must our kitchen be so dark and ugly?' I was sorry to see that many of the women noticed the saucer marked 'Cat,' and but few the completely appointed range and model dresser; this seems indicative of the way essentials are often overlooked for the sake of details."



KITCHEN DRESSER

This is the dresser shown in the plan on the opposite page. It has a work-table under the window, with cupboards and drawers arranged beneath, and shelves, closed in by sliding glass doors, above.

The ideal kitchen is that where the cooking is done by electricity. In the near future we may expect to see this universally used, but as yet, on account of the expense, it is regarded as a charming novelty. The ease of using the nickel-plated electric stove and toy-like saucepans makes one feel quite like a professional, for your true chef has the air of playing at cooking, just as the painter plays with his brush or the virtuoso with his violin; in this world the best work is apparently done with the greatest ease and enjoyment.

The daintiness of modern cooking appliances is in contrast to the great wasteful fireplaces and the clumsy black griddles and pots of a hundred years ago. We now use compact ranges for coal, oil, and gas. The oil stove, familiar at first only to campers (and by them deservedly disliked on account of its evil odor), has been vastly improved by many patent devices, by incombustible asbestos wicks, and by the use of refined oil. It is now a safe, convenient, and economical addition to a country kitchen. In cities a gas range is greatly liked, as the flame may be regulated without difficulty, may be immediately turned on at full force, or safely left low when a gentle, continuous heat is desired.

For baking and steaming over gas or kerosene stoves, one can buy a special oven in which a whole dinner, meat, vegetables, and pudding, can be left untended for hours to cook on the "simmerer." This method is strongly advocated for families where the mother must be away at work all day. Many special appliances have been invented for gas and oil stoves—toasters, broilers, steamers, etc.—which greatly simplify the cooking.

A kitchen should be as small as is compatible with the number of the servants who are to work in it. The French, knowing how many steps are saved by economizing space, frequently cook elaborate dinners in a room our maids would consider a large closet; but the English are wasteful of space; even in

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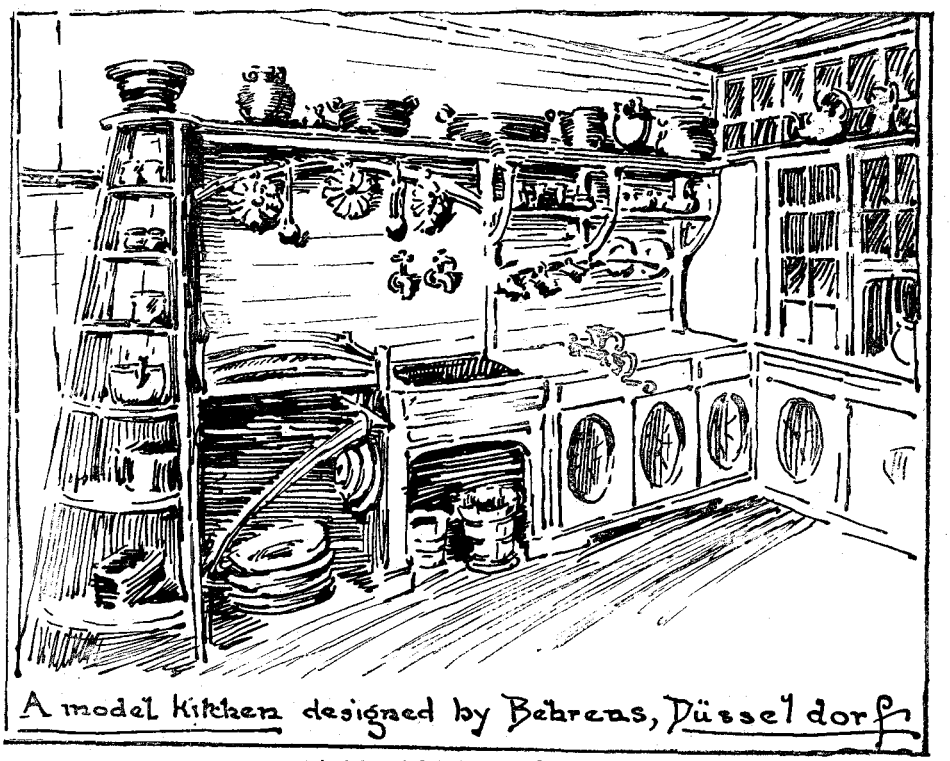

A GERMAN MODEL KITCHEN

This kitchen has, on the other side, a white tiled stove. On white bars beneath the white shelves hang brilliantly polished copper utensils.

their modern houses the dining-room is often separated from the kitchen by a long, dark passage.

Windows should be placed, if possible, on opposite sides of the kitchen; in no part of the house is it more important to have a cooling current of air. The sills should be high enough to allow space underneath for a table or work-shelf. Casement sashes opening out are best, but, naturally, kitchen windows must conform in design to those of the rest of the house. Wire screens to prevent the ingress of insects, especially of the germ-bearing house-fly, should always be provided. The outside blinds that add so much comfort in our climate can be easily manipulated from the inside without raising the sash, by pulling chains which control an arm attached to the blind outside. This clever device is surprisingly strong, working well even in the highest winds.

In specifying the finished floor an architect has a wide choice of materials, although none is quite perfect. We demand a durable, inexpensive floor-covering that shall be soft under foot, non-absorbent, warm in winter and cool in summer, and very easily kept clean. In a list a yard long, ranging from the cheapest pine boards to expensive tiles and marble inlay, we find nothing that includes all these requirements. A floor of interlocking rubber tiles is restful under foot, agreeable in color, warm, noiseless, and easily cleansed. Cork floors are even better, except for the color (always a brown of some shade). Tiles and marble, while delightfully clean, are cold and hard (of course mats can be laid where the cook stands, but mats are a germ-collecting nuisance). The patent compositions used in hospitals can be applied in a plastic state about half an inch thick over a rough under-flooring, finishing with a neat border and a cove next the wall. As the basis of such floor-coverings is sawdust, one cannot get a pure white, the nearest to it being a yellow, which, however, looks very clean. Other colors are a light gray and a cheerful red.

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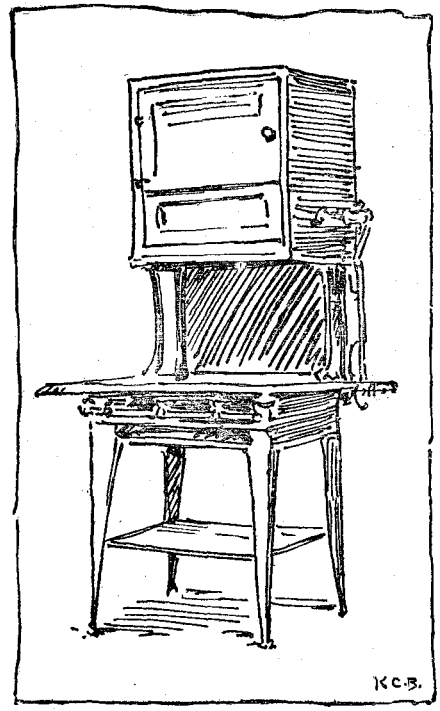
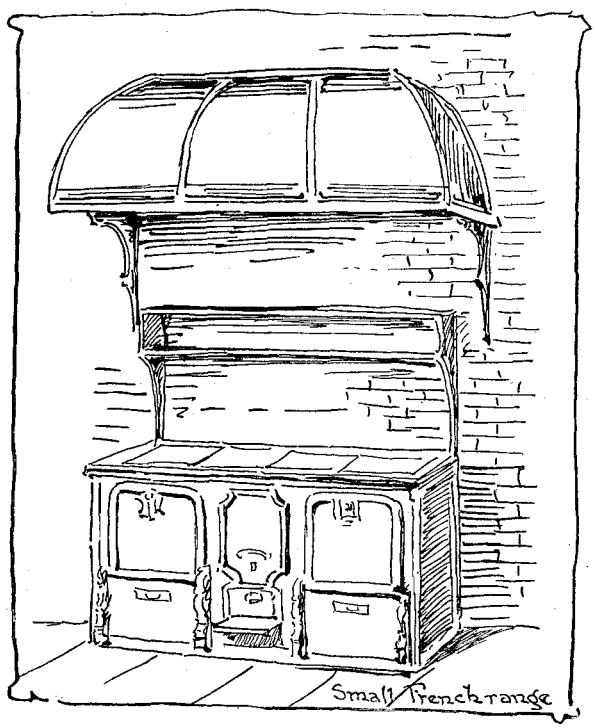
This floor is warm, soft, durable, easily cleansed, and not very expensive. It can be applied over an old floor. The surface is usually elastic enough to expand and contract with heat, although, if there is undue shrinkage in the floor-beams below, unsightly cracks may appear in time. Old-fashioned red tiles are good, but the modern ones of bizarre tints suit a German taste better than our own. The Italians supply us with an excellent composition of small pieces of stone laid in cement and rubbed to a smooth polish.

For a cheaper flooring two-inch Georgia pine boards are excellent if laid closely and well blind-nailed to the under floor. "Rift" or "comb" grain (which shows a succession of fine straight parallel lines) is preferable, as the "flat" grain, being cut with (not across) the layers of growth in the tree, is of inferior quality, showing knots and wide markings that soon roughen and splinter when the surface wears away. A wood floor, though satisfactory at first, requires laborious scrubbing, and as no wax or varnish finish will stand scouring, the boards soon become bare, when every grease-spot soaks in and every footprint shows. The junction of the wall with a wooden floor should be covered with a small quarter-round molding to prevent accumulation of dirt; dust-collecting sharp corners are to be avoided in a kitchen.



A GAS RANGE WITH THE OVEN ABOVE, TO DO AWAY WITH STOOPING



A COMPACT FRENCH RANGE OF WROUGHT-IRON FOR FAMILY USE

The best wall-covering is a white glazed brick, which should be a part of the actual construction, the wall being laid up with a vertical air space to prevent dampness striking through. After this come tiles or white cement laid on wire lath; if this cement is skillfully troweled to a polish, the surface will be hard and beautifully smooth. When nearly dry, it should be lightly marked off with a mason's jointing tool into six-inch squares, and later, if desired, painted with four coats of paint, the last coats being of the best

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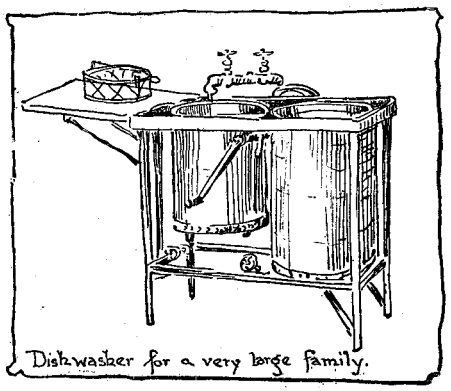


A MECHANICAL DISH-WASHER

The dishes are placed in the wire basket and hung in the caldron of boiling suds, which is then agitated by turning the crank. The dishes remain motionless.

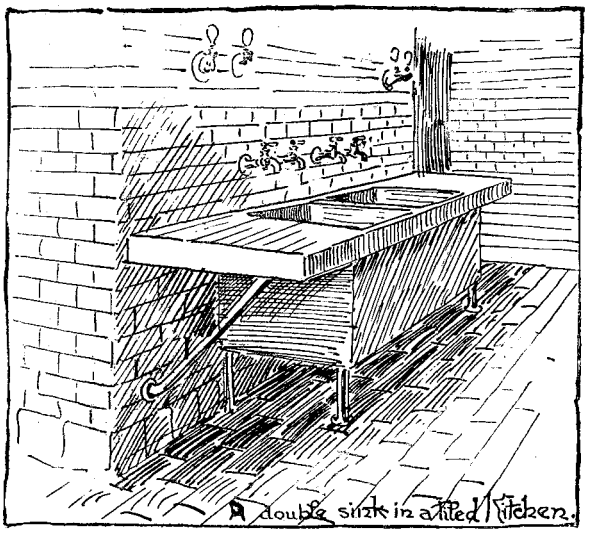
white enamel. Tiles or cement may be set like an ordinary wainscot five or six feet high and finished with a simple molding run at the top. Ordinary plastering may be used above, where the danger of breaking is less. The ceiling should connect by a plain cove, never a molded cornice.

Painted plaster walls are sometimes stenciled in cheerful patterns, but this in a kitchen seems out of place. If the disposition of doors, window, range, dressers, hanging spaces, etc., has been properly studied beforehand, little wall space will be left for decoration. A pot of the gay flowers that flourish in the warm, moist air of the kitchen, or a box of the green herbs used for flavorings, will give sufficient coloring. If the brasses shine like gold, the coppers like fire, the nickeled pipes like silver, if all the ironwork is glossy black and tiling and sinks radiantly white, the good taste and common sense displayed in the well-selected utensils, with the charm of sweet cleanliness, will render the simplest kitchen sufficiently attractive.

To be absolutely sanitary, windows and doors should be plain on the kitchen side, and all moldings and other dust-catching projections omitted. Many precious hours are wasted in wiping dust out of wholly unnecessary indentations and undulations. Hardware should be simple but strong and well made, the knobs being preferably of glass or white porcelain, all else nickel-plated to match the pipes.

Near the kitchen a small but comfortable room should be provided wherein the maids may rest and eat in comfort. Two seats will be needed in the kitchen, straight-backed, wooden-bottomed chairs; or sometimes a high stool is provided, so that the cook can work comfortably at a high table. Near the window should be fastened shelves for cook-books, account slips, pads, etc.; the front may be hinged at the bottom to let down as a rest for a cook-book. An eight-day clock should hang in a prominent position.

Sometimes, owing to lack of space elsewhere, the broom closet must open off the kitchen. This must be light and well ventilated (as maids are frequently careless about putting away damp cloths), and large enough for the weighted polishing brushes, the carpet-sweeper, long-handled dust-pan and brush, etc., with supports of heavy wire netting for dust-cloths, Canton flannel bags, and brushes, and wooden shelves for bottles and pails. The tool-box, with hammer, saw, nails, etc., may find a place here, if



A TILED KITCHEN IN A FIREPROOF BUILDING

The deep double sink makes dish-washing luxurious

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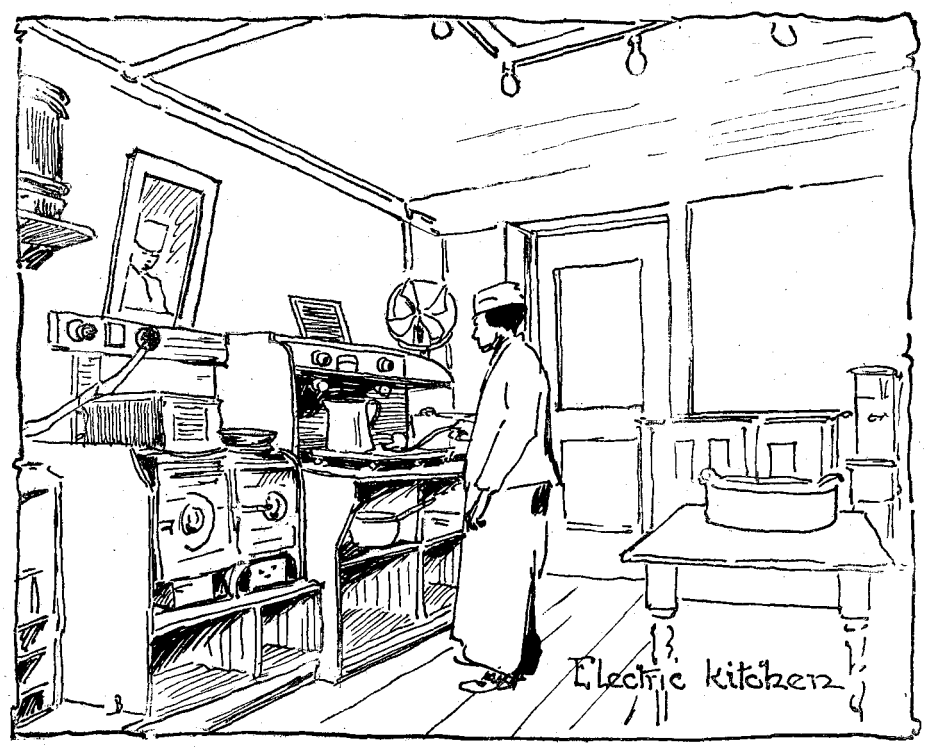
it has none elsewhere in another part of the house.

Where food is prepared a well-kept refrigerator is of the first importance. An ordinary zinc-lined refrigerator requires constant attention, as dirt clings, and, being of the same color, is not readily seen. The ideal family refrigerator is compact and rather small (it is advisable to have two small ones rather than one of very large size). The food compartments are lined with seamless white



AN ELECTRIC KITCHEN

The simple stove, the oven, and the broiler are arranged on white shelves

porcelain, made with smooth ridges to support the shelves, which should be of glass or enameled iron with a little knob or a hole near the front, to serve as handle while they are being taken out. The drain-pipe from the ice-chamber should be movable so that it may be frequently scalded clean, as it is a most fruitful breeding-place for microbes, which may be carried up to the food with the air ascending from without. All city regulations governing the installation of plumbing forbid plumbers turning the waste from a refrigerator directly into the house drain. It must empty over a sink the outlet of which is separately trapped.

Supply pipes should be left exposed to view; waste and soil pipes are usually concealed in the wall, but it is better to leave them exposed so that in case of need they may be reached without difficulty. The main supply pipes of the house are generally carried across on the kitchen ceiling. It is not worth while to sacrifice the proper working of the hot-water lines in the rest of the house in order to avoid running the supply pipes directly through the kitchen, for if the plumber makes a neat job of it they will not be unsightly.

A visit to one of the large houses where plumbing supplies are sold will reveal many possibilities to those who are unacquainted with the wonderful progress that has been made in this line. Not many years ago the price of porcelain sinks set them beyond the reach of one not blessed with the purse of a merchant prince. Now the possessor of a

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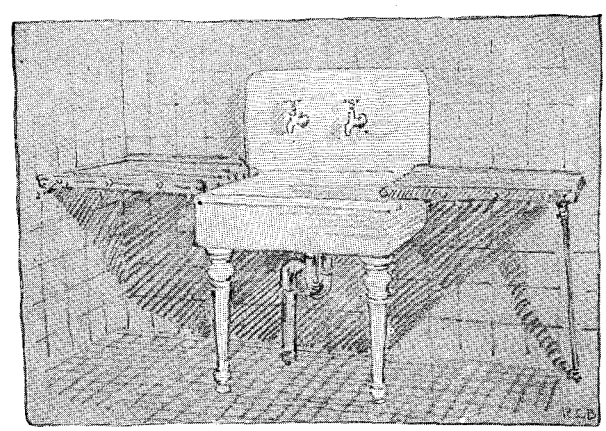
A COMPACT KITCHEN
The floor is covered with elastic tiling in cheerful tones

moderate income may indulge in a luxurious white sink, and may choose one of enameled iron or of the more massive solid porcelain. This white ware bears away the palm from the old-fashioned iron sink, which, being difficult to cleanse, soon became foul with grease and marked with rust. Ugly as it was, no strong-armed Bridget could mar its surface, no matter how vigorously she dashed around her pots and pans; but with careless treatment the finest of porcelain sinks will soon show chips. Our "greenhorns" must be educated up to the standard of our fixtures, if both are to remain in the same kitchen!

Porcelain sinks, molded without angles, are fired in one piece, and the nickeled faucets are attached to the high back. The simple faucet has taxed inventive genius; many patents have been secured for handles and for patent washers intended to prevent the leakage that is apt to occur when faucets have seen some months of rough usage.

Porcelain and glass shelves with nickeled supports are provided for the various small objects necessary for work at the sink—mops, bottles, soaps, etc. A movable wooden grating will protect the bottom of the sink when heavy pots are being washed. On either hand is a beautifully finished dripboard of hard wood, with a raised rim, and deep grooves to conduct drops back to the sink. These boards are hinged, and can be readily taken off for scouring. The metal about the sink, including the neatly made trap, with its ventilating pipe and ample waste, is nickel-plated. When the trap becomes clogged with grease, it may be easily cleansed, for even the whitest of sinks sometimes have rubbish thrown into them, and, in spite of patent strainers, pipes will become obstructed. Double sinks are to be found for tidy maids who like to wash in soapy and rinse in clean hot water. Instead of a double sink, a rubber tube, with spray attachment for rinsing off soap, may be screwed to the hot-water faucet. A dish-washer recently invented to take the place of the usual mop has a long-handled brush of rubber attached to a tube through which hot water is conducted to the brush. Where large quantities of dishes must be washed, the work is now done by machinery. The dishes,



PORCELAIN KITCHEN SINK
It has a porcelain back and legs, and movable hardwood dripboards. The walls of this kitchen are covered with six-inch white tiles, and the floor with three-inch red tiles.

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piled in a wire basket suspended from a traveling crane, are lowered into violently agitated boiling soap-suds, which remove every particle of soil; in a few seconds they are plunged into a caldron of clean boiling water, lifted, and left in the basket; when cool they are spotlessly bright. Meanwhile other baskets are undergoing the same process. Small dish-washing machines for family use have been recently invented to do away with this, the most disagreeable work of the kitchen.

MODEL ARRANGEMENT OF RANGE AND SINK

This kitchen, which is the one shown in the plan, has a wrought-iron range with large single oven and canopy above. The walls are wainscoted to the height of four feet six inches with hard cement, ruled off in six-inch squares to imitate tiles. A dripboard, serving also as work-table, runs around the corner, inclosing the sink. The insect-screens roll up like a window-shade on a spring roller when not in use. The casement sash opens out. An awning protects the opening from the sun in summer.

Heavy pots should be hung on hooks or a nickel-plated rod at one side of the range, lighter pans at the other, and the smaller tools—knives, forks, wooden spoons, skewers, corkscrews, can-openers, etc.—in a row, over the sink or near the range, the theory being that if every utensil is in plain sight the cook is more apt to keep all in apple-pie order.

The various condiments, cereals, etc., can be placed in properly labeled air-tight jars on glass or porcelain shelves, but it is much better to keep them in the dresser where the cake, bread, etc., are mixed. Much skill has lately been expended on an innovation called a kitchen cabinet, which is intended to combine and take the place of table and dresser. This is convenient, but it is better to have all kitchen furniture neatly built in with the house, and not separate with open top, to collect dust. In a carefully planned dresser, glazed doors sliding, on ball-bearing rollers, in front of wide shelves, shut away the heavy dishes; a countershelf, with slides arranged to pull out, to give a larger working surface, and with a marble slab in the center, replaces the usual movable table; bins on either hand tilt forward, so that sugar or flour can be had at a moment's notice. These bins, instead of tipping, can be fitted with a crank which, by a stated number of revolutions, will sift down the required amount into the mixing-dish below. Here are kept jars of glass or of white enameled ware, prettily labeled, for spices and cereals, tea and coffee (the latter ready for grinding in the mill

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fastened at one side), chocolate, etc.; there are rows of bottles conveniently fastened in racks on the doors, which, swinging open, give added room. Nothing is forgotten, from the salt-jar to the bread-board.

Usually in a kitchen the finishing is left to the discretion of an honest but unimaginative carpenter, who puts up the various contrivances in such fashion as to him seems good, without explaining to the mistress of the house how shelves and tables are to be arranged. If all dressers are drawn to three-quarter-inch scale by the architect who designs the house, and carefully criticised by the mistress before the carpenters begin work, the arrangements will be more sensible and convenient.

The connecting link between the kitchen and the rest of the house is the long, narrow pantry, which, with its two doors, cuts off such cooking smells as might otherwise reach the dining-room. The pantry doors, controlled by strong springs set in the floor, close instantly when the maid has passed through. These doors are not placed opposite each other, as the kitchen might then be exposed to view. In olden times it was said that if a guest looked into the place where his food was prepared he would lose his appetite, but this is seldom true nowadays, for most kitchens are not only exquisitely neat but frequently as picturesque as were the fine old rooms the Dutch masters loved to paint. Much of the lighter work that the English perform in their great hot kitchens is in America done comfortably in the cool pantry, where are found sinks, plate-warmers, refrigerators, many shelves, and every convenience for the proper care of the fine china, the silver, and the glass, which are, of course, never carried into the kitchen.

A model kitchen should be near the dining-room, on the same floor, the idea being to make it possible to serve the dishes piping hot by lessening the distance between the range and the dinner-table; some dishes are apt to be lukewarm after a journey on the dumb-waiter.

A whole chapter might be devoted to ranges, the variety is so great. Gradually, in better-class work, the ornate cast-iron range is being supplanted by the simple wrought-iron French range. Over the range, projecting out into the room, is a wide hood, connected by a white register with a separate flue large enough to suck up all overheated air and odors. If this is well arranged, the ventilation will be good even in hot weather. The ventilating flue must be smooth, straight, amply large, and, of course, separate from the smoke flue.

Although the difficulties of obtaining competent help force one to consider the problem of "doing one's own work" in case of an exodus, the day has gone by when one woman is expected to do everything; the twentieth-century husband does not praise his wife by saying:

> "she was both pantler, butler, cook,
> Both dame and servant."

In these strenuous days, while the mistress of the house takes pride in keeping the wheels thereof running without friction, she expects to have her task lightened as much as possible in order that she may have time to read, to think, perchance to keep up her various accomplishments, as well as to be to those who know her well a trusted friend, and to her husband and children the light of the home.

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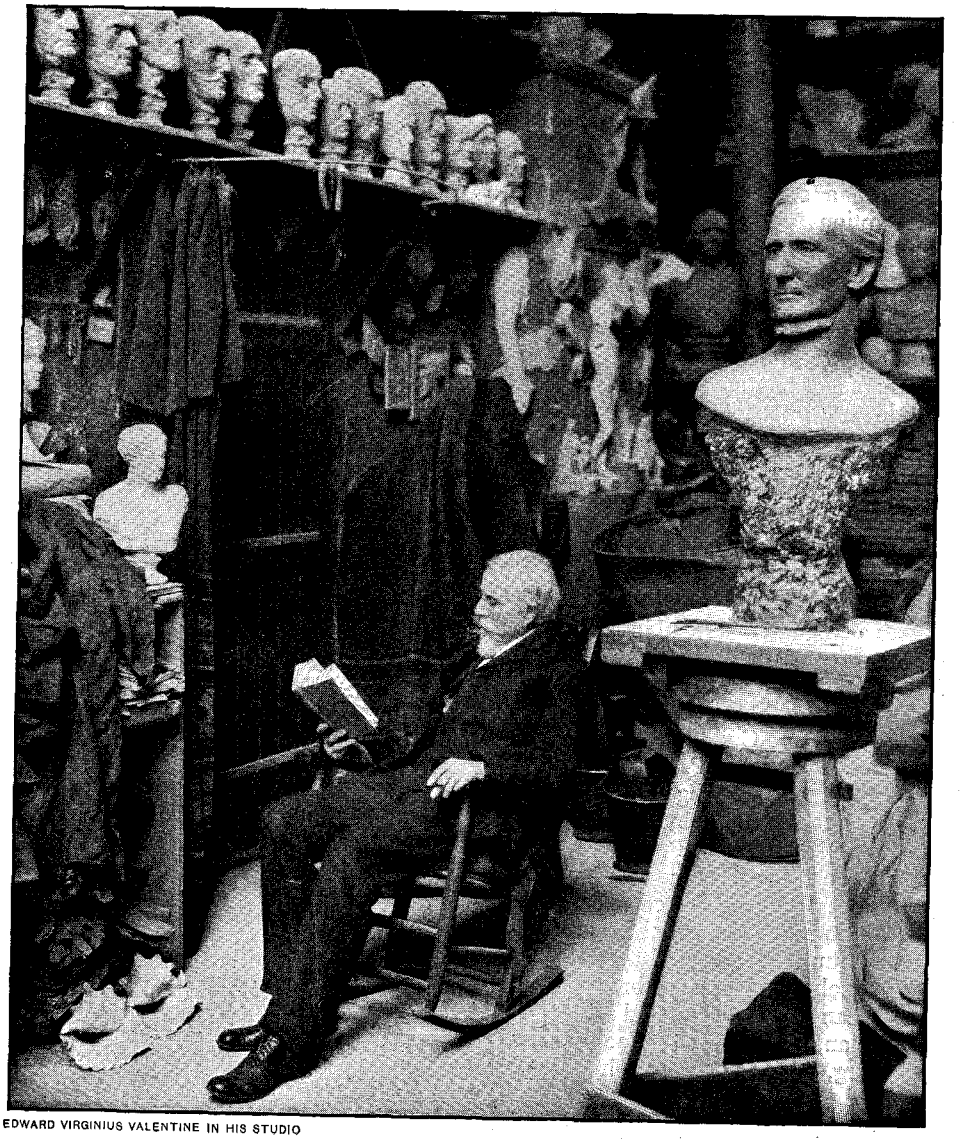
A SCULPTOR OF THE SOUTH

BY KATE LANGLEY BOSHER

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

THE unveiling of the Mercer monument at Fredericksburg, Virginia, will bring to the quaint and historic little town, midway between the capital of the country and the once capital of the Confederacy, a notable group of distinguished men. The presence of these gentlemen will not only add dignity to the occasion, but will also attest a Nation's desire to pay tribute to a brave soldier who served it well; for the erection of the Mercer memorial is in pursuance of an act of Congress passed on the eighth day of April, 1777, which act provided



EDWARD VIRGINIUS VALENTINE IN HIS STUDIO

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that "a monument be erected to General Hugh Mercer at Fredericksburg in the State of Virginia," and prescribed an inscription to be placed thereon. Up to a short while ago, however, nothing had been done towards carrying into effect the action taken in 1777, but by act of Congress, approved June 28, 1902, it was again provided that the monument be erected and a suitable inscription placed upon it.

STATUE OF GENERAL HUGH MERCER
FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA

Although General Mercer did not come to America till he was twenty-six years of age, he was as loyal a patriot as a son of the soil, and by his brilliant services to his adopted country merited worthily the confidence of the latter, as well as the friendship of Washington, through whose influence he was commissioned by Congress a Brigadier-General in 1777. Born on January 12, 1721, in Aberdeen, Scotland, educated at its University, Hugh Mercer entered the medical profession and served at Culloden under Charles Edward, the Young Pretender, as assistant surgeon. Coming to America in 1747, he settled as a physician near what is now Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, but, at heart a soldier, he gave up his profession for a time and enlisted as a volunteer under Braddock, later rising to the rank of captain and later still to that of lieutenant-colonel. The outbreak of the American Revolution found him again a physician, however, this time at Fredericksburg, Virginia, where he at once entered the conflict and organized a regiment of which he was made colonel. Wounded at the battle of Princeton, he died a week later in the arms of his aide-de-camp, Major Lewis, and was buried at Philadelphia, where in Laurel Hill Cemetery a monument was erected to his memory in 1840.

In selecting Mr. Valentine, of Virginia, to make this statue of General Mercer, the United States Government, acting through Mr. Root, then Secretary of War, showed a discrimination that all art lovers who have seen Mr. Valentine's work will appreciate, and the Government is to be congratulated upon its presentation of a tribute that is not merely a memorial but a work of art as well. Born into an atmosphere of culture and refinement, and amid those influences which nourish and develop a love for things beautiful, Mr. Valentine early gave evidence of his great gifts, and at the age of fifteen began the study of drawing and modeling, procuring the best instruction to be had in Richmond, his native city, and later going abroad, where, with Couture as a teacher, he first learned to draw from the nude. Working persistently under the best training to be obtained in Europe, and spending much time in the galleries of Paris and Berlin, of Rome and Florence, of Milan and Naples, he absorbed the treasures of the masters with such responsive spirit that when he returned to his own country it was with mind and soul saturated with clear visions—visions he has never allowed time or conditions to cloud.

In 1865, after the close of the war between the States, and after an absence of six years abroad, Mr. Valentine came back to his loved city of Richmond, Vir-

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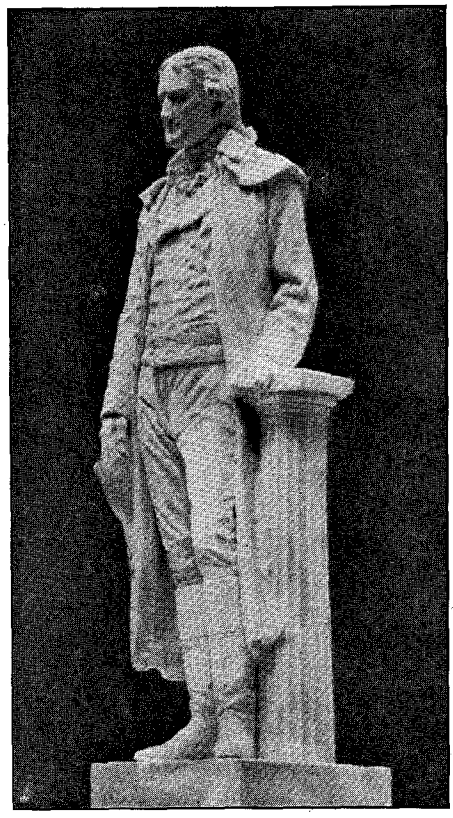
ginia, and opened a studio. The time was not propitious for his profession. The struggles of his suffering people for food and shelter, for commercial and industrial life, were too sore and absorbing to allow great thought to works of art; but, preferring to cast his lot with his own to winning swifter recognition and reward perhaps in other places, he began his work bravely and patiently, and to-day is an encouraging example of the paraphrase that all things come to him who works while waiting.



STATUE OF THOMAS JEFFERSON
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

During the forty years that have passed since Mr. Valentine opened his studio, few visitors of distinction have ever visited Richmond, the center of so much that is tragic and dramatic in American history, without expressing a desire to meet him and to see his work; and upon his registers are many notable names which recall times and events of exceeding interest—names that make autograph collectors envious as they glance over page after page of characteristic signatures.

On a quiet street with tree-lined sidewalks, away from the confusion of traffic, Mr. Valentine's first studio still stands as originally arranged, but behind it he has since added a much larger one, and the two together make perhaps the largest workshops of their kind in the country. The quaint though small garden, inclosed by tall fences which protect it from the public, is singularly fascinating, and once within its gates an air of old-world tranquillity and repose, of restful leisureliness and seclusion, possesses the visitor—makes him wonder if indeed it is true that the busy, crowding, hurrying world is but a square away. In this old garden English ivy runs at will, creeping without restraint to tree or shrub or bit of stone; covering luxuriantly the pedestal of a weather-beaten marble lady with a chipped chin and no nose, who from time's bad treatment refuses her name, and making for her a drapery clinging and charming, and a sturdy covering for a defaced figure in a far-away corner who for shame hides gladly behind the dark-green leaves. From these two studios, surrounded by this old garden, have come some of the finest and most beautiful specimens of work in the American world of art. The South makes no claim to having added many names to the roll of American sculptors, but she does assert, with characteristic conviction, that she has given some that have greatly increased its dignity and value and claim for world recognition, and to Mr. Valentine she renders the homage of a people appreciative of his ideals and proud of their embodiments.

Refusing to enter into competition, holding his work at a price beyond any but those able and willing to pay for his best—for he has no grades of work, each piece he tries to make his best—Mr. Valentine's orders have largely come from the South, whose organizations or individuals have wished memorials of their great men and leaders; and in the execution of these the cunning of his hand has been sympathetically affected by the throb of his heart and the beat of

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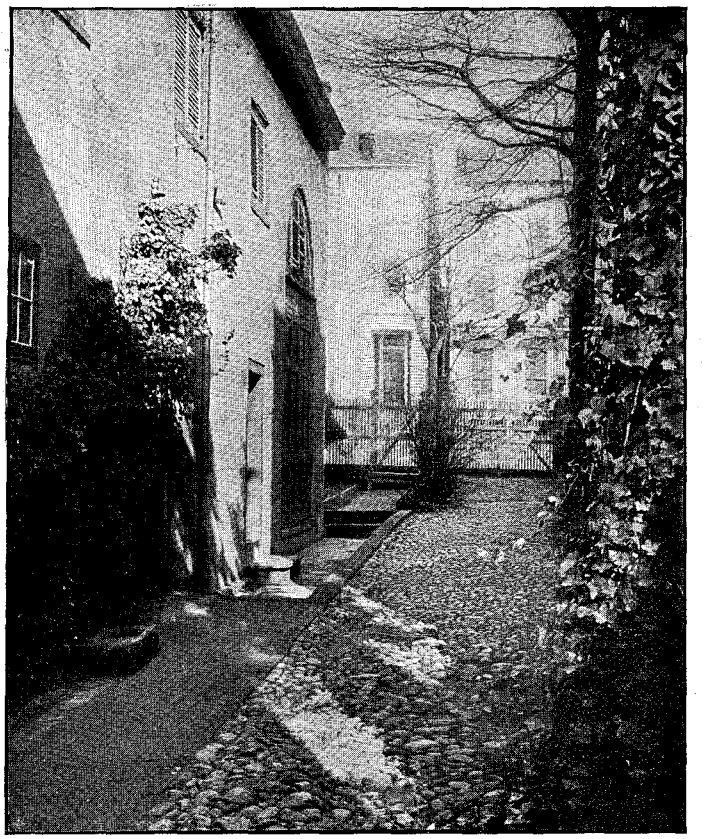

MR. VALENTINE'S STUDIO

his brain, for by both emotional and intellectual assent they have helped him portray the type and character of the men who suffered for the cause and for the people he loved and still loves well.

Although Mr. Valentine had done some excellent modeling before going abroad, notably a bust of Edwin Booth of exceeding virility and characteristic temperament, not until he had finished his recumbent statue of Lee was his fame fully fixed; and few have ever stood in the presence of that wonderful representation of a heart-worn warrior resting in sleep but have stood reverently, stepping softly lest they break the earned repose, and recognizing intuitively that into his work the sculptor had breathed the spirit that separates Art from Artisanry—and a master had shown his hand.

Statues of Stonewall Jackson, of General Lee, General Wickham, John C. Breckinridge, and of Thomas Jefferson—the latter in the Richmond hotel of that name—bust portraits of Governor Wise, Robert Y. Hayne, Professor Minor, John Randolph Tucker, Henry Timrod, Matthew Fontaine Maury, J. E. B. Stuart, and many others, attest Mr. Valentine's unusual capacity for recognizing the distinctive differences in his subjects, and to each he gives a singleness of interpretation that expresses the spirit and character no less recognizably than the form and features, taking thereby from the bronze or marble the lifelessness of which one is often so coldly conscious in the presence of work technically well done. And it is this quality perhaps above all others which differentiates his work from so much of the modern output—this, with an unusual ability to vitalize, to give warmth, arrested action, temperament, emotion, spirit, to each subject as required, together with a scrupulous attention to detail and relentless effort until the effect desired is reached.

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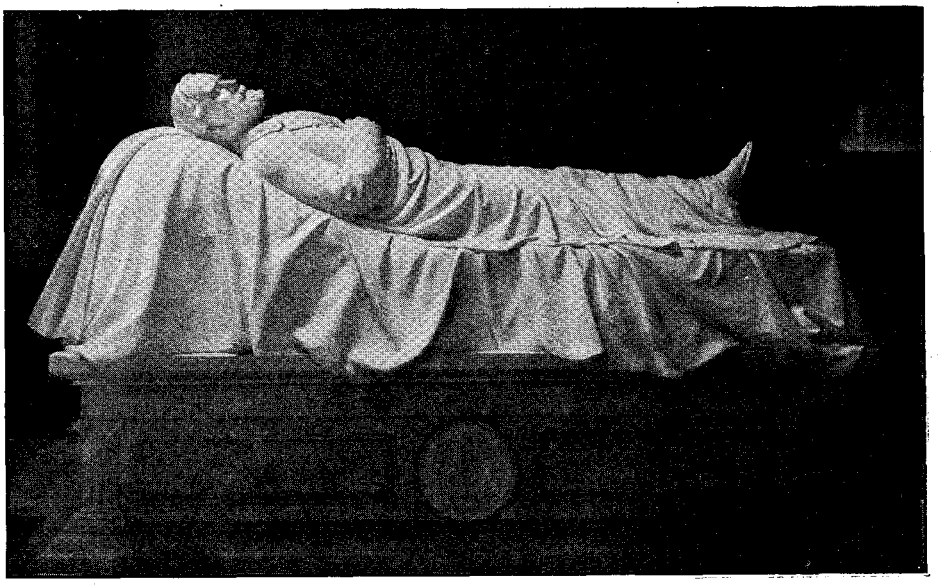
It is in his ideal work, however, that Mr. Valentine feels naturally most joy and pride, and among other creations of unusual significance and beauty "The Samaritan Woman," "The Penitent Thief," and "The Blind Girl" stand out with distinction; and perhaps nothing more satisfying or so beautiful in the Greek way has ever been done in American art as his classic group, "Andromache and Astyanax." Only in its presence can its values be realized; it is too fine, too wonderful, to be dissected by criticism, and to attempt it would be something of a sacrilege. For nearly fifteen years Mr. Valentine lavished upon it the fullest outgiving of his genius, and, when completed, so unmistakably did it radiate Greek influence in conception and treatment that it could more readily be thought the work of an age long dead than the work of a modern master.

A sketch of the group states that it is pyramidal in shape and about five feet high. Andromache is seated with head slightly bowed, turned to the right. The hair is bound with a simple fillet; the right arm hangs listlessly at the side, the hand partially closed, and the wrist touching an owl-headed vase, which stands upon a low pedestal and is half concealed in drapery. The left arm clasps Astyanax, who is seated upon a stool which is covered with a lion's skin, the head serving to support one of the feet of the child. The left foot of Andromache rests upon a miniature footstool, and the right upon the pedestal proper of the group. On the lap of Andromache lies the distaff and thread, symbolic of human life, indicating that at least she has attempted to obey Hector's behest, while the expression on her face denotes that her mind is occupied with thoughts foreboding the inexorable decree of the Fates which culminated in Hector's death, the fall of Troy, and her own bondage.

Although past the Osler age for decadence, Mr. Valentine has never done more vigorous or delicate work than he is now putting on the statue of Jefferson Davis, the gift of the entire South; on the statue of Robert E. Lee, the gift of Virginia to Statuary Hall in Washington, which statue will be offered by the State to stand by that of George Washington as her quota to the Nation's group of great men; on an ideal figure representing the South, to be a part of the Davis monument; and on several bust portraits of well-known men; and, with untiring work, he cannot hope to finish the orders undertaken for some time to come.

In the Mercer monument Mr. Valentine has made a brilliant and daring study of the Revolutionary soldier, portraying him with tense alertness and



STATUE OF GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE

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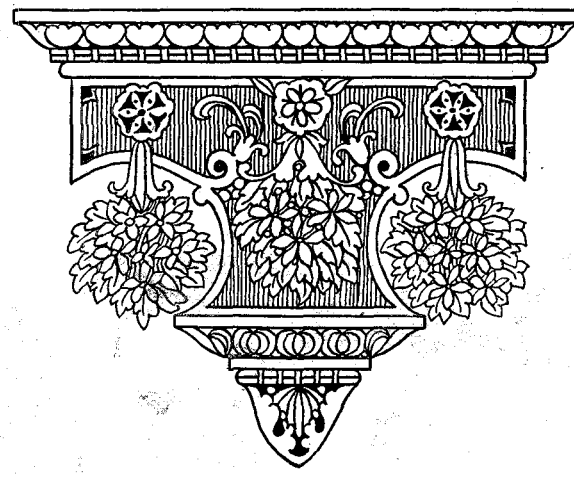
shoulders thrown back as though facing an attack. One hand holds his sword about to be drawn, the other grasps the lapel of his coat with nervous tension, while his piercing eyes absorb the situation. The dash, the action, the radiation of the figure, thrill the beholder, interpret the spirit of the Revolution, and inspire a renewed sense of the debt the country owes the men who made it independent; and in erecting this monument to one of its heroes the Government has honored itself, for the nation which forgets its past is a nation unworthy of a future—and Americans are not willing for America to forget.

The subjects mentioned are but a part of the work done by Mr. Valentine since the opening of his studio; but so quietly, so unostentatiously has he kept his covenant not to compromise with the temptations of the age, not to sacrifice his ideals to uncultured demands, to preserve at all costs the worthiest traditions of the best art, to cherish and protect them against the encroachments of inferiority born of quick sales, that he is not as well known in the world at large, perhaps, as he should be. But while his devotion to idealism has kept him outside the pale of popular notoriety, it has given his work the stamp of authority, given it a spiritual and intellectual quality that separates it from much in modern art, and brought him the reward most grateful to the worker, the creator, the dreamer—the recognition of his ideals and the homage that their execution inspires.

With an absorbing love for and loyalty to his profession, Mr. Valentine has brought to its development an unusual insight into its demands, an intellect strong and sensitive, a spiritual refinement, a sane judgment, an appealing personality, a vigorous grasp of ethical values, and a critical faculty that insists upon persistent effort until perfection, so far as in his power lies, is reached; and the result shows a ripeness, a finish, an individualism that is the product of unhurried striving and of a comradeship with things that are fine and beautiful and of high repute.



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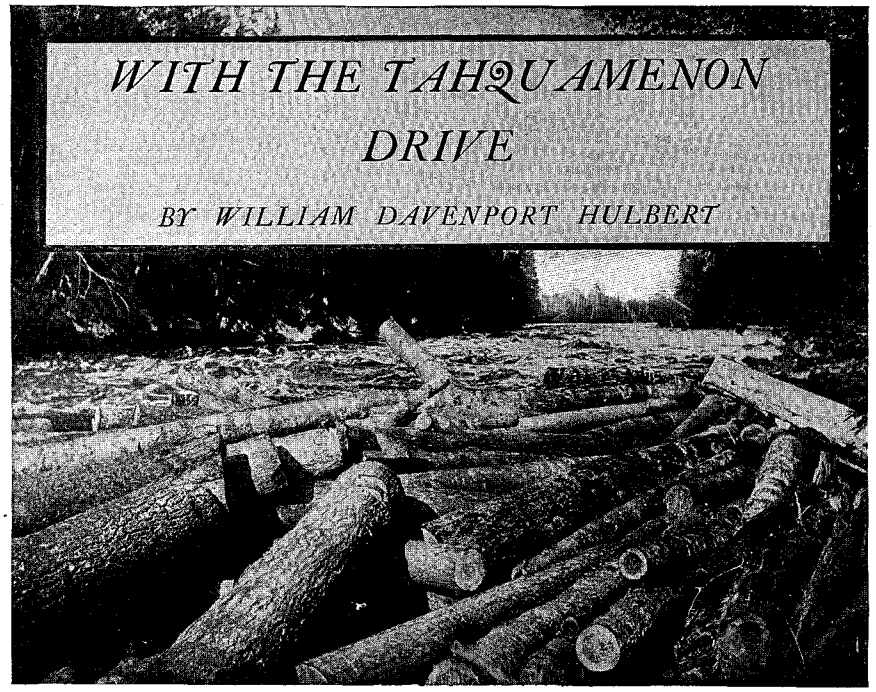
WITH THE TAHQUAMENON DRIVE

BY WILLIAM DAVENPORT HULBERT



THE SIDE JAM

IT was my first visit to the Tahquamenon drive—or, rather, I hoped it was going to be, though as yet I did not know just how those hopes were to be realized. I had alighted from a railway train on a morning in early May at a little station on the edge of the Tahquamenon Swamp, and I knew that somewhere toward the north and west, at an indefinite distance, was the Tahquamenon River, rolling along through the woods on its way to Lake Superior. And somewhere on the Tahquamenon River was the Tahquamenon drive; but just where or how I could reach it, or how, indeed, I could reach the river at all, I did not know, and there seemed to be no one at Eckerman who could tell me.

But Fortune, for once, was kind. I was still puzzling over the problem when an express train pulled up for a moment at the station and a tall, elderly man in woodman's garb stepped off and gave me a hearty good-morning. For an instant I could not place him; then I recognized him as a land-looker whom I had met in the woods some years before. His errand at Eckerman was the same as mine—to find the drive—though his motive was a different one. The firm that owned the timber had heard nothing from it for some time, and had sent him to see where it was and when it might be expected at the mill. Moreover, they had provided a driving team and a low, broad-seated buggy to carry him as far as McNurney's place. There was room for another passenger. Would I go along? I certainly would, and an hour later we were bowling northward over the stage road that leads to the south shore of Lake Superior.

It was a bright, sunshiny morning, with a faint chill in the air, but with a promise of better things in the near future. Beside the corduroy the trailing arbutus was in blossom, and up in the hardwood, to which we presently climbed, there were spring-beauties by thousands, and in places the ground was fairly yellow with dog's-tooth violets. Most of the trees were bare, for spring comes late to the Lake Superior basin. Some of the

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beeches had even a few of their last year's leaves, frayed and tattered and bleached almost white by the winter storms, still clinging to their lower branches. But the hazel bushes were putting forth their new foliage, and in the lowlands the tamaracks showed a faint tinge of green.

Nine miles from Eckerman we left the stage road, and turning toward the west, we drove as far again along the section lines, now and then passing an old Government blaze, a witness-tree, or a corner, while the land-looker discoursed pleasantly of woods-lore and the ways and methods of timber-cruisers. Occasionally he would drop other matters to speculate on where in kingdom-come that drive could be, till I felt quite as if I were starting out with Stanley to find Dr. Livingstone. Then, by and by, we left the dry hardwood and the rocky pine ridges and dropped down again into the cedar swamp, where the road was very bad and the mud-holes very numerous, and at last we reached a place where the corduroy was all afloat and the buggy, for a moment, seemed uncertain whether to founder or to capsize. But the horses struggled through, and in a minute more we were crossing a dry, level field.

McNurney's place is a broad green clearing that slopes gently down to the dark, silent river. Facing the water stands the house, low and rambling, with a small flag flying from the peak of the roof and flower-beds laid out in the door-yard—the only inhabited house for sixty miles up and down the Tahquamenon. Close by are the barns, the blacksmith shop, and a number of outbuildings that once belonged to a lumber camp, and all around are the dense woods, mixed hardwood and evergreen growth, with a few scattered pines here and there, relics of the years before the lumbermen came. The frogs sing day and night, the partridges nest not far away, the muskrats have their holes in the river-banks, and at dusk the deer come out into the clearing to see if there are any vegetables left in the garden.

McNurney himself was not at home, for that spring he was foreman of the drive, but his wife and son were there, and said in answer to our inquiries that they could give us lodging that night, and that we could perhaps get McIntosh, the bear-trapper, to take us on up the river. That the drive was still above us was evident, for the river was strewn with its advance guard—stray pieces of spruce and balsam pulpwood, big pine logs and little pine logs, hemlock logs with the bark on and hemlock logs without, and once in a while a piece of cedar. Some of them were very buoyant, while others were almost completely waterlogged and showed only the tip of one end as they went by. The naked sticks of hemlock rode highest, for they had had their sap pretty well dried out before they were put in the water.

"Yes, sir, them peeled logs floats good," the land-looker said.

Presently, as we stood on the bank watching them go by, McIntosh's little black gasoline launch appeared, a mere clinker-built rowboat fitted with a small second-hand engine. McIntosh, it seemed, lived in lower Michigan, but came every spring to trap bears for a few weeks on the Tahquamenon. Going after bears with a launch was something new to the land-looker and me, but it appeared that his traps were strung along the river and its branches for a distance of twenty or thirty miles, and the boat was really very handy in visiting them. At least it was when the engine would work. Sometimes it would and sometimes it wouldn't. This afternoon, however, it seemed to be in a fairly good humor, and the land-looker engaged him to come at seven o'clock the next morning and take us on our way.

About sunset three or four men came up from a bridge, four miles down stream, where they had been busy all day guiding the stray logs through a broken span and keeping them from jamming. The McNurney daughters came home from an afternoon call on the trapper's wife, who was temporarily occupying a deserted log cabin a mile and a half away, and it was a goodly company that sat down around the supper-table. In the evening we played flinch, which game had lately been introduced on the Tahquamenon. The trapper's wife had had something to do with it, I think—at any rate, she had told the

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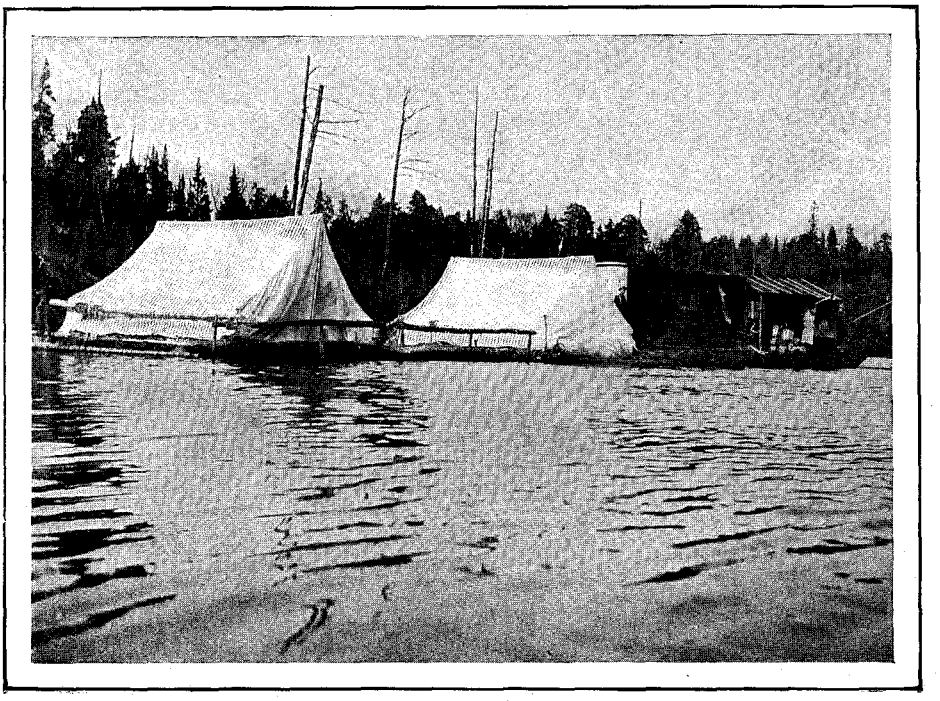
daughters of the house that it was all the rage in Kalamazoo. And promptly at seven the next morning McIntosh was on hand and we started up the river to find the drive.

But we had not gone far when the trapper's troubles began. The engine balked. Over and over and over again he cranked it, and it started up with a heavy "thud, thud, thud," ran faster and faster for a minute or two till it sounded like the long roll of a partridge, and then stopped short just as the boat was getting under way. He kept at it for perhaps an hour, but he had to give it up at last, and, getting out his oars, he began slowly and toilsomely to row us up stream against the current. If he had good luck with the bears, he said, so that he had a little money to spend, he was going to get an automatic sparker, and then—then we would see how that launch could go.

By and by he turned toward the right-hand bank and thrust her nose into the moss of the cedar swamp. He had a trap set a few rods back in the woods, he said, and he wanted to see if it had caught anything. So we all disembarked and made our way up a faint trail to a tiny hut, only three or four feet in height, made of balsam boughs and small logs. It looked very innocent, but just inside its open doorway a huge steel trap was set, fastened by a short chain to a heavy clog, and it would go hard with any bear that walked in after the rabbit's head that lay on the ground in the far corner. But so far no bear had entered—probably none had passed that way—and the prospects for the automatic sparker seemed poor.

However, the drive proved not very difficult to find. You can always find a drive if you take the right river at the right season and follow it far enough. As we worked slowly up stream, mile after mile, the logs grew more and more numerous, and by and by we rounded a bend and saw the whole surface of the river covered and almost hidden by the floating timber. We had to push it aside to make a road for the launch. And then, from around a far curve, the wannigan came slowly into view—two rafts and a scow chained together, the rafts carrying canvas tents, and the scow a little cabin with a stovepipe sticking up



DINGMAN BLOWS HIS HORN

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through its roof. Drifting quietly down with the current, it presently crept in under the bank and stopped, while we pushed our way with some difficulty through the crowding logs and were soon alongside. The trapper immediately went to tinkering at his engine, in the vain hope that he could find the difficulty and remedy it, and the land-looker and I climbed aboard the wannigan and hunted up McNurney. The foreman was not far away, and he was soon telling us of his progress hitherto, and of the drowning of one of his men the previous afternoon. Three or four new hands had been on their way down the river in a leaky little tub of a rowboat, to join the drive, and they had had some whisky with them. They drank, they quarreled, they capsized; and now there was one riverman less on the Tahquamenon.

"There comes the rear," said McNurney, after a time; and, looking up the river across the floating timber, we saw fifteen or twenty men coming around a distant bend. They were moving about busily, some in small boats, some on the logs, and some on shore, and they seemed to be urging the timber down stream with their pike-poles and peaveys.

We had found the drive, without a doubt, and the land-looker was able to go home the next day with his report. But I stayed on and followed the men at their work, eating with them, sleeping with them, talking with them, and learning a little of the life of the river.

The day began at half-past three, when Dingman, the cook, woke us with a solo on his five-foot tin horn—a sound like a demented bugle-call pitched two octaves too low and wandering aimlessly all over the bass clef in the loudest, wildest, weirdest music that ever woke the echoes of the swamp. Up and down, up and down, up and down it went, over and over and over again, in scales and trills and arpeggios and quavers, ending at last with three short, sharp blasts like an angry steam-whistle. The whole floor of the tent, save for a little space around the small box stove, was one big straw bed laid on the logs that formed the raft; and now the blankets began to heave, and out from under them came a dozen men. The majority were Canadian-French, and a decidedly good-looking lot. One or two were heavily bearded, but more were clean-shaven. Most of them were quite young, none were old, and nearly all were like the fishers of Venice—

"Gaunt, sinewy men, that are good to see."

But they were certainly noisy. They jabbered *patois* violently as they slipped into their outer garments and pulled on their spiked river-shoes, while a volley of similar sounds came from the other tent, only a few feet away.

"The crew runs heavy to frogs," I had heard one of the few Americans say the day before, "and when they get to talking you can't hardly hear yourself think."

As I lifted the tent-flap on that first morning and stepped out upon the edge of the raft, it seemed to me again, as it had so many times before, that I had forgotten how beautiful the world could be. Half the river was covered with the brown logs, lying quiet like a herded flock, and the other half was shining like a mirror. The whole eastern sky was flushing with the glory of the sunrise, the first golden light was just sliding over the tree-tops, and even the dark, somber-colored hemlocks on the hillsides could not help looking cheerful. From around the nearest bend came the notes of "le rossignol," the white-throated sparrow, and over all the woods and the water hung the peace and freshness of early morning in the wilderness.

With the river for a wash-bowl we made a hasty—and perhaps a somewhat superficial—toilet, and trooped aboard the scow for breakfast. The little cabin was nearly filled by a huge cook-stove that left only room for a narrow work-table, some shelves, and the bunks of the foreman, the cook, and the clerk; but further forward was a space that was roofed over but not walled in, and here stood another table, covered with oilcloth and loaded down with stacks of tin plates and small tin basins, piles of iron knives and three-tined forks, a three-gallon coffee-pot, dripping-pans full of fried ham and browned potatoes, and small mountains of bread, cookies, and doughnuts. Each man helped himself, and as soon as his plate and his coffee-basin were full he backed away to make room

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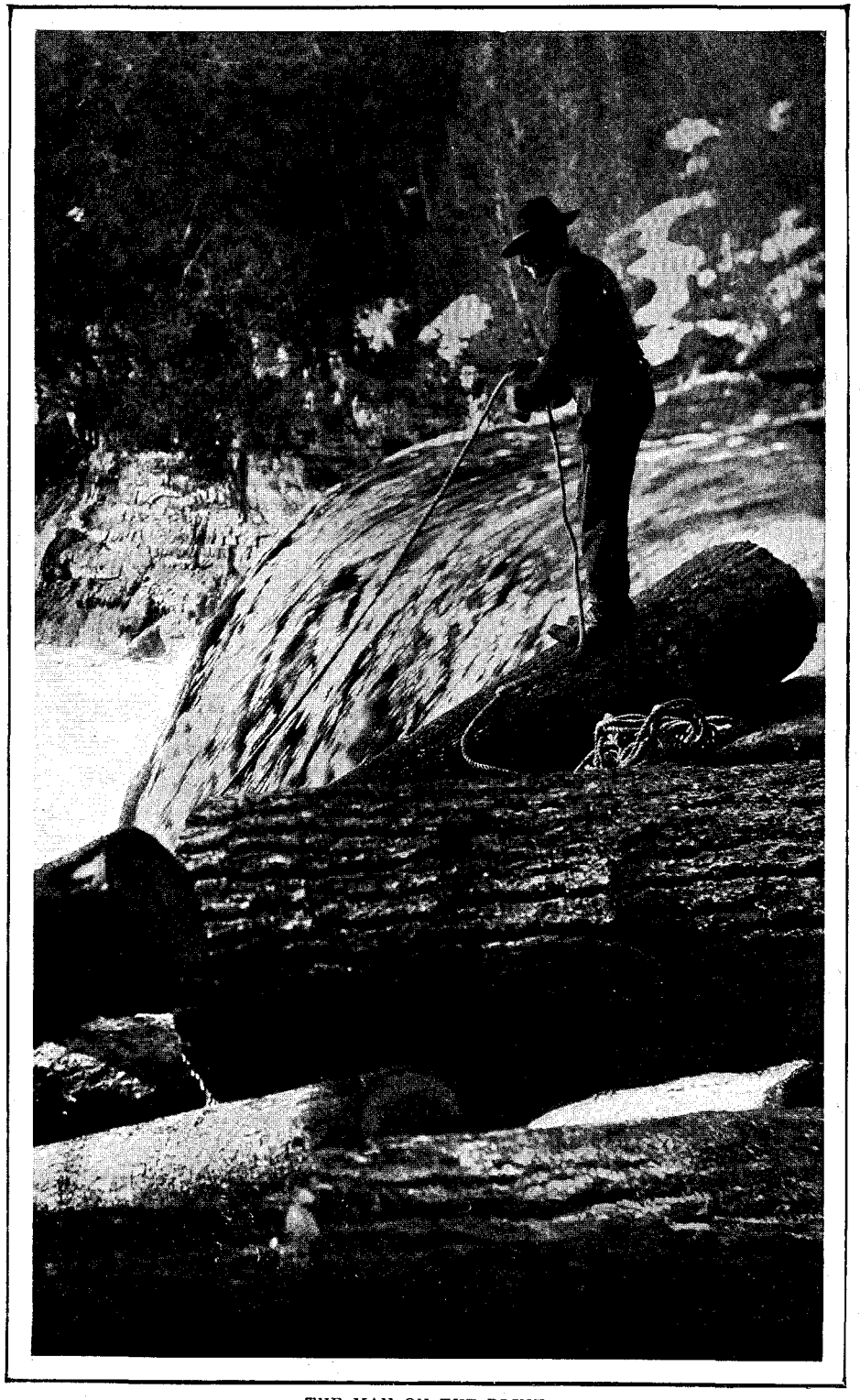

THE MAN ON THE BRINK

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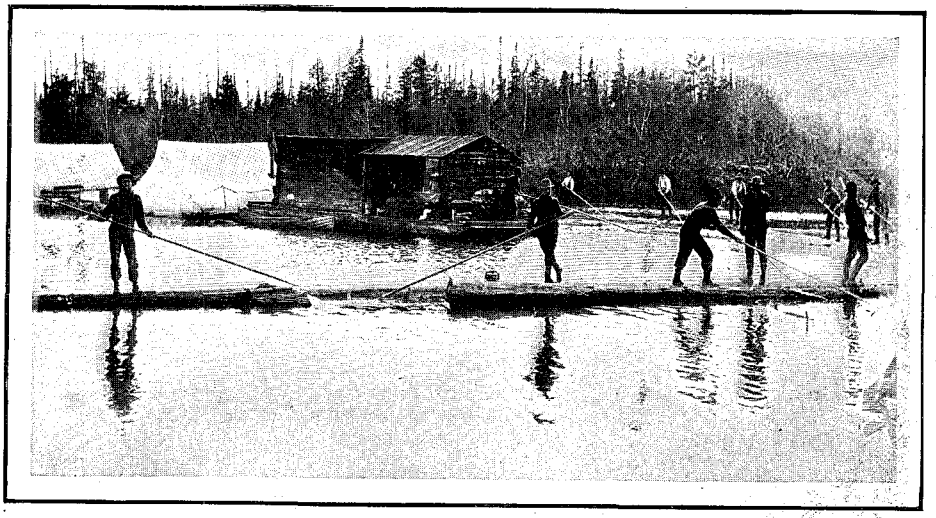

THE BOOM AND THE WANNIGAN

for the man behind him and to hustle for a seat on a bag of potatoes, a chest of tea, a box of crackers, the wood-pile, the edge of the scow, or athwart of the big red bateau that lay alongside. And presently the plates began to come back, not only empty, but each one thoughtfully polished with a bit of bread, that the labor of dish-washing might be lightened for the busy cook.

Promptly at four o'clock McNurney called "All aboard!" and we went to work.

Now, the problem of handling a drive in which the logs are not made up into rafts—as is sometimes done—but are simply turned loose on the river, is to keep them from jamming and to see that no stragglers are left behind. And it is the stragglers that give the most trouble—the stray sticks that run aground in the shallow places, and that, if the water falls considerably after the spring freshets, are often left high and dry on the banks to make what the river-driver calls a "dry rear." Now and then, it is true, a whole field of logs catches in a narrow bend, and the entire crew has to go forward to the point of congestion and set things moving; but most of the time the men are taking care of the rear while the rest of the drive takes care of itself. This morning there was a slight jam, which accounted for the logs lying motionless beside us when we stepped out of the tents; but an hour's work with the pike-poles and peaveys was enough to break it up, and the crew came trooping back. Just behind the drive a long boom, made of logs chained together end to end, was stretched across the stream from shore to shore, and the big red bateau took charge of it at one end, while a square, box-like scow took the other. A short distance ahead of the boom went two smaller boats, one following each bank, and a few men were usually walking along the shores, sometimes on land, sometimes wading in the water, and sometimes afloat "on the loose."

The first time a river-driver asked me if I was "any good on the loose," I thought he was trying to satisfy an evil curiosity with regard to the possible laxness of my moral character, and that he was wondering whether or not I would make a congenial companion on a spree. This proved to be a mistake. "The loose" is the term used on the drive to designate logs or pulpwood sticks floating loosely on the surface of the river, and to be "*good on the loose*" is to be able to go about on it wherever one pleases without getting wet. To ride a big pine log is not so very difficult, but to walk or run across a field of pulpwood, where most of the sticks are far too small to carry a man's weight, is like skating on very thin ice.

Handling the rear was a simple enough matter when you once knew how. The men on shore applied their peaveys to

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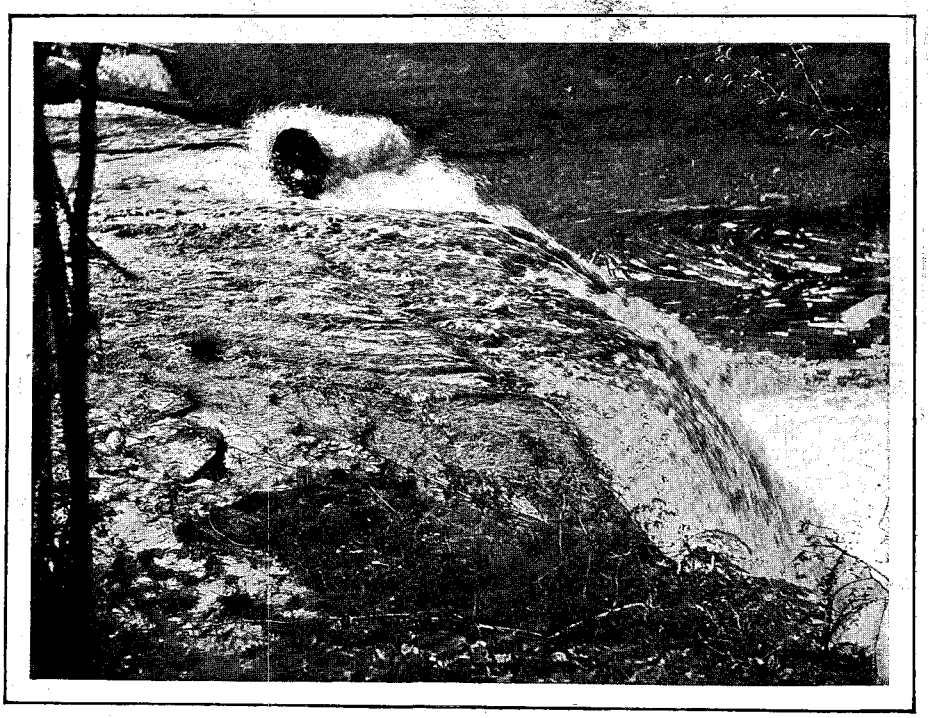
such logs as lay bedded in the sand or half hidden in the grass and bushes, and rolled them into the water. The men in the smaller boats and on the loose took care of those that were lightly stranded, and thrust them out where the current could carry them off. McNurney paddled about in his light canoe, keeping an eye on everybody else; and last of all came the boom, sweeping everything before it and leaving the river clean.

At half-past eight, and again at two in the afternoon, Dingman's tin horn summoned everybody to what he called lunch, though the table was set with everything it had held at breakfast, with the addition of pork and beans and a goodly array of pastry. There is a couplet sometimes quoted on the drive which runs:

> "Tread on my corns and tell me lies,
> But don't feed *me* dried-apple pies."

But I do not think it was meant to apply to Dingman. His dried-apple pies never went begging, nor his cakes, nor his doughnuts, nor anything that was Dingman's.

The next three or four days were like the first, except that the river gradually grew narrower, the banks higher and steeper, and the current swifter and stronger. The men talked a good deal about the falls, and at night they asked one another, half jokingly, half in earnest, what would happen to us if a porcupine should gnaw the mooring-lines in two before morning and set the wannigan adrift. And at last we came to the head of the long rapids that lead down to where the Tahquamenon leaps out over a ledge of gray sandstone and drops forty feet into the whirlpool below. The wannigan could go no farther, so the tents were taken ashore and set up on a level, grassy spot, and the rafts broken up and their fragments added to the drive. The boom, too, was laid aside, for it would have been impossible to handle it in that rushing water. Besides, there was no longer any need of sweeping the river, for every log that was rolled into the swift current was whisked away on the instant, like a feather on the gale. But very often it did not go far before it came to a halt again. The river was shallow and its bed full of



A LOG ROLLING ON THE BRINK

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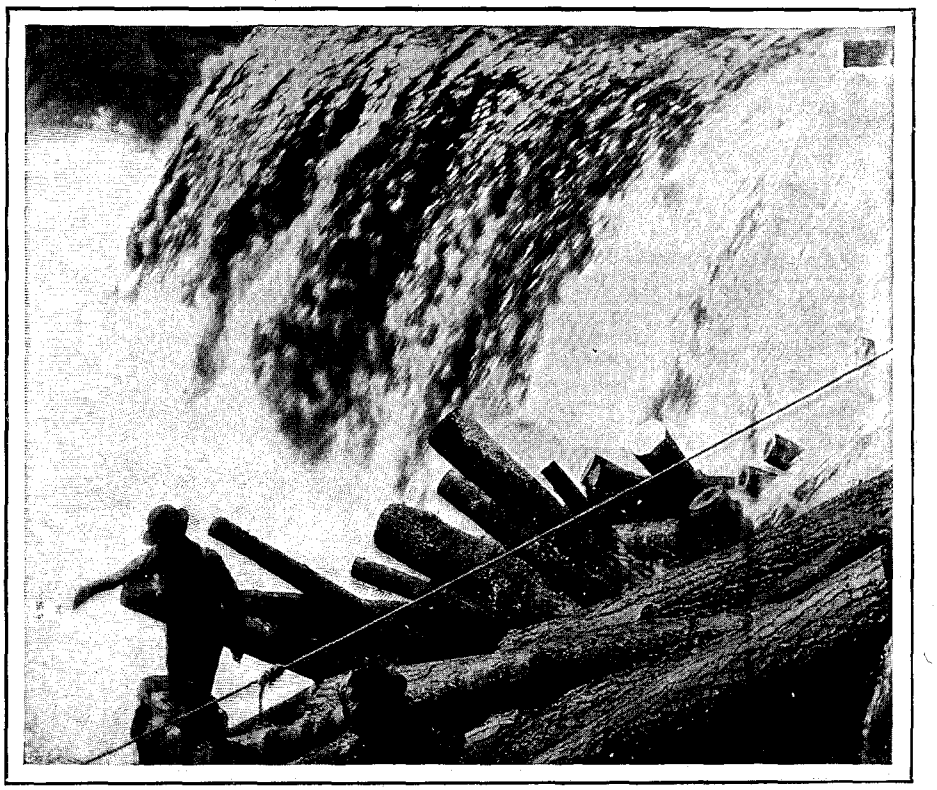
rocks, and the logs were constantly running aground and often piled up in little islands in the very midst of the rapids. One morning I sat on the bank and watched the river-drivers demolish one of these "center jams." The men had gathered on a "side jam" a little farther up stream, and one of them shoved a log loose from the pile, stepped aboard it, and, with his peavey for a paddle and balancing-pole, started on the short but trying voyage to the wooden island. Another followed him, and another, and another, until one by one they all had worked their way down to the center jam. Some made it without even wetting their feet, while others lost their balance and went into the water almost to their hips. But the side jam protected them from the full strength of the rapids, and, wading or riding, they all reached the island and soon tore it to pieces with their peaveys and sent it hurrying off, a log at a time, down the river. And then they waded ashore and did the same thing in about the same way to the side jam. Once, not many years ago, such a center jam formed just above the falls, only a few yards back from the verge, and to break it the men were obliged to get down into the water below it, stand there with the falls behind them and the current swirling about their knees, and pry the bottom logs out with their peaveys. The water was not deep, and the jam itself sheltered them from the rush of the river, but if a man lost his footing he was gone. Carefully and cautiously they worked the first log loose, and as it started toward them they leaped upon it, and, before it could get away with them, jumped from it to the jam. But loosening one stick was not enough to start the rest, and they soon found that the whole pile would have to be torn apart little by little. More than that, other logs kept coming down the rapids and adding themselves to it, so that it grew at one end as rapidly as they could tear it away at the other; but they kept



THE FOREMAN GOES DOWNSTAIRS

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at it, and in the course of time they worked back ten or twelve rods from the brink. And then, of a sudden, one of them saw a long piece of pulpwood coming for him. There was no time for him to dodge, and it was too small to hold him if he mounted it, so, as the only chance, he tried to jump over it. But it was too quick for him. It took him across the thighs, and the next instant he was down and the river was sweeping him towards the falls. On he went, faster and faster, nearer and nearer, till he was almost on the verge, and then, by some miracle of strength and agility, he got his spiked shoes against something solid, rose to his feet, and started to wade back against the current. Little by little he forged ahead till he met some logs large enough to carry his weight, and, mounting them, he jumped from one to another till he reached the jam. And then the foreman—not McNurney, however—cursed him for having dropped his peavey, and he waded out again almost to the brink, found it where it had caught between some rocks, and brought it back.

To-day there were no center jams so close to the falls, but there was a side jam along the left-hand bank, and all the larger logs grounded for at least a moment when they reached the brink, where the water spread out thin as it took the leap—too thin to carry them over without bumping. Many of them turned sidewise and went rolling along in a smother of foam and spray till they dropped off. Some shot half-way over without turning, and then hung there for several minutes, like cannon pointing from the wall of a fortress; and if one of them was hollow, as sometimes happened, the water went rushing through it and spurted from its outer end as from a gigantic faucet. I sat on a stump and watched them for hours, and I could have stayed there a week and never have grown weary.

At one side of the whirlpool a great pile of timber had formed, half under the falling water, with its base hidden in drifts of foam and its apex resting against the sandstone ledge above; and prowling about on this pile, where a single misstep might easily have meant death, and where the spray often fell upon their shoulders and at times the rising mist almost hid them from view, were three men; while overhead, standing on the side jam on the very edge of the falls, was a fourth, handling one end of a long rope. The other end reached across the corner of the whirlpool and up to the rocky hillside, where a team of horses had hold of it, and from its middle, where it sagged over the lower pile, there hung a huge steel hook, like a giant fish-hook without a barb. Presently, when they were ready, the three men caught it as it swung from the rope, and drove it deep into a log with heavy blows of a peavey. That done, they signaled to the teamster, and the horses pulled till it tore out again, or, if they had good luck, till the big stick was drawn out of the pile and dropped into the whirlpool, where the river caught it and spun it round and round in the great eddy till it must have been fairly dizzy, and at last sent it flying down the gorge on its way to Lake Superior. Then the horses slacked on the rope, the man on the brink of the falls drew the hook back where the other three could reach it, and they did it all over again.

The sun was shining gloriously. The leaping, roaring water flashed and sparkled and gleamed as it pitched over the ledge and dropped out of sight in its own mist and spray. Far below me the brown logs circled endlessly, and the gorge lay like a great gash in the green woods, flooded with the white, foam-covered river. The man on the brink seemed posing for a sculptor, now standing erect on the outermost log, now stepping back and bracing himself as he hauled in the line. The foreman passed up and down, using the pile as a stairway between the upper rapids and the whirlpool, and the three men went about their business quietly and deliberately—neither reckless nor anxious—as if in such a place as this the risking of one's life became a mere matter of course. And over it all, filling the bright spring morning with its splendid music, was the thundering voice of the falls.

I wish I were there now.

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SHAKESPEARE HEROINES

A SEXTET OF SONNETS

BY THE VERY REV. CHARLES W. STUBBS

DEAN OF ELY

PERDITA

A Winter's Tale

When, Perdita, my fair-belov'd, my sweet,
You speak—I'd have you do it evermore;
You sing—I'd have you do it evermore;
You dance—I'd wish the moving of your feet,
Like sun-kiss'd waves that ever fleet
Before the wind, should dance for evermore,
And each your doing still for evermore
Should add fresh queenliness to queenship meet.
For, Perdita, thou, midst thy flowers thyself
A queen of flowers, wearing thy garland crown
Most princess-like, princess in all but pride,
Art all princess to Florizel, himself
Who, if need be, would lay his princedom down
For evermore, to win thee for his bride.

ROSALIND

As You Like It

O frolic queen of Arcady, in guise
Of saucy page, thy man's caparison
Doth mock thy maiden disposition
With doublet and with hose, yet loving-wise,
Frank innocence laughs out of laughing eyes
And dignifies thy counterfeit, for one
Who breathes of joy and youth's fresh prime alone
Can so with privilege play nor lose love's prize.
Ah, Rosalind, beneath this greenwood shade
Do I, when fleets the time so carelessly,
Dream o'er thy story on my Shakespeare's page,
And, lost in Arden, seek a world new-made,
The counterfeit of youth's lost years, ah me!
Love-mocked by memory of that golden age.

PORTIA

The Merchant of Venice

O fairest Portia, thrice fair lady, wrought
By the speechless message of thine eyes
And by strong faith's contagious power, in guise
Of wistful hope, which had no tongue but thought,
Bassanio came in quest of thee, and fought
His fortune's fate and won—by love made wise—
The happy hazard of the casket's prize,
Which greed-led suitors erst had vainly sought.

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Happy in this wert thou: but happier still
By mother-wit to save thy lover's friend
From bitter malice of the ruthless Jew:
Happiest of all, dear lady, in thy will
Queen o'er thyself, to bear unto life's end
Love's equal yoke, a noble woman's due.

BEATRICE
Much Ado About Nothing

Most wise, most witty, and most willful maid,
Dear Lady of Disdain, in Love's despite
Love's heretic—dear Love, ah woeful wight!
The sport of such a lady's flanconade—
Whose pride on gallant Benedick hath lade
Scorn's mocking laughter, scorn misprising right;
While he, a generous fencer, in delight
Of quarte and tierce, on her makes merry raid.
Ah, Beatrice, his subtler rapier thrust
Which hits and hurts not, till love's armor-joint
Is pierced, and sweet capitulation's spoil
Is won, shall so win thee, as win he must
Who in such war of wit still wields his foil
With button of good humor on the point.

VOLUMNIA
Coriolanus

"Behold Volumnia, patroness of Rome!"
They cried, the fickle commons, who but late
Had bann'd her son, to face the blows of fate
Far in the Volscian land, there to become
Traitor to self and country, friends and home:
And now when mother's love could naught abate
His vengeance, won a way through his dire hate
By mother's scorn to quell his passion's foam.
O world, thy slippery turns! How hard bested
The mother-heart to gain for Rome fair peace;
She sav'd her country but she lost her son;
Nay, lost her son alive, to gain him dead
A nobler memory, for in life's surcease
His honor and his fame were both rewon.

MIRANDA
The Tempest

O most admired Miranda! peerless maid,
All child in wonder's sweet simplicity,
Brave eyes, like water flashing back the sky,
Blue and translucent: here in this island glade
A very queen to him thy father bade
By Ariel's magic to thy feet, that he
With tribute of his crown might dower thee,
And Prosper's wrongs through Love should thus be paid.
O brave new world, transformed by Love's strong power
To work such miracles! yea, in Love's name
Let lovers all—where'er their Fortunate Isle—
Still cry "Amen!" upon that golden hour
When Ferdinand her prince and lover came,
Drawn to the wonder of Miranda's smile.

The Deanery, Ely.

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THE NEW HEADQUARTERS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON
The Imperial Institute, South Kensington

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THE NEW ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES

BY DOUGLAS HALL

MOST Americans, if asked to name the universities of England, would promptly respond with Oxford and Cambridge, more hesitatingly add London and perhaps Durham, and there the roll-call would cease. Yet not half would have been told. Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Sheffield, and Leeds, all established within the last six years, must now be included to make the tale complete.

To the Briton of the future the early years of the twentieth century will be significant, not for the Boer wars or the fiscal campaigns which absorbed public attention in their day, but for the unobtrusive coming into being of these five great new centers of light and leading. The movement testifies to the revival of interest in educational matters apparent on all sides in England. America's commercial invasion, Germany's utilization of science in industry, Japan's new birth through education, have led to much searching of heart in Britain, and to a conviction that the educational system must be thoroughly overhauled. Hence the present fierce controversy over the elementary school provisions of the new Education Bill, the commissions of inquiry into secondary schools, and, finally, the doubling of the nation's university facilities at a stroke.

Appreciation of England's university needs was slow in coming. For seven centuries Oxford and Cambridge were practically alone. Then, some seventy or eighty years ago, an attempt was made by the poet Campbell, Lord Brougham, and other leading English liberals of the day to found a great university at London, which should be open to Dissenters, at that time barred from Oxford and Cambridge. The opposition of the older universities prevented the full realization of the plan, and a patchwork compromise was adopted which lasted out the century. A University of London was created, but it was practically only an examining board; the teaching functions were given to two separate corporations—the Whig University College and the Tory King's College. A somewhat similar principle was adopted in nearly all the charters which followed. The federal University of Victoria, founded in the early eighties, was a bodiless head—a mere examining and administrative board. Under it were grouped three teaching bodies—University College at Liverpool, Owens College at Manchester, and Yorkshire College at Leeds. So with the federal Royal University of Ireland, and its three colleges of Cork, Belfast, and Galway; and the University of Wales, with its colleges of Bangor, Cardiff, and Aberystwyth. This novel method of organization, peculiar to England, did not fulfill the hopes of its creators. It secured a certain unity of standard and method, and prevented an undue multiplication of degree-giving bodies. But it belonged to the era which laid stress on examinations, not on research; it cramped the activities of the federal colleges into a deadening uniformity, and prevented the half-baked "University Colleges" from obtaining any of that prestige and strong local pride which attach to a full-fledged university.

Accordingly, when, in 1900, Birmingham, under Mr. Chamberlain's inspiration, determined to found a university, it would have none of the federal plan, and firmly rejected the proposal that it should be content with a Birmingham University College, under the wing of the University of Victoria. Mr. Chamberlain's influence in the Cabinet was then all-powerful, and the Privy Council granted a charter to the University of Birmingham, the first example in England of the

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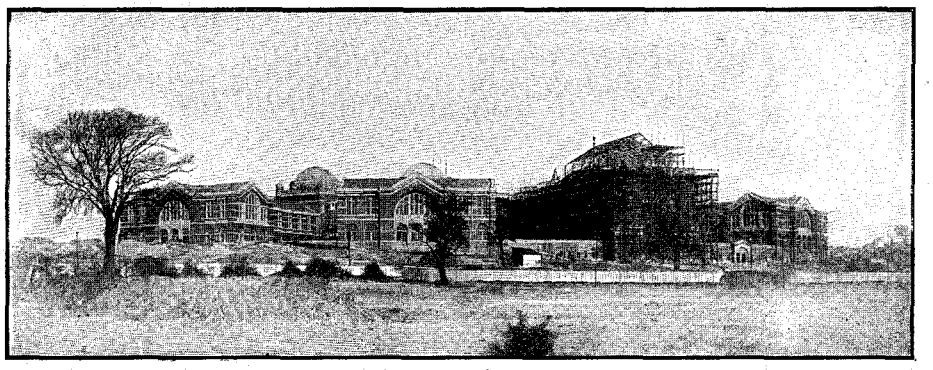
PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT & FRY

MAJOR RONALD ROSS

Professor in the School of Tropical Medicine, Liverpool University

type of university so familiar in America and on the Continent, compact, autonomous, self-centered, equipped alike for teaching, for examining, and for research. Birmingham's example was contagious. Liverpool University College broke away from the University of Victoria and was created a university in 1903; in rapid succession followed the chartering of the Victoria University of Manchester, the University of Leeds, and last year the University of Sheffield.

It is significant that all of these new-fledged universities are found in the North and the Midlands, within a radius of fifty miles. This location is not a



THE UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM

The engineering, mining, and metallurgical blocks and the Great Hall

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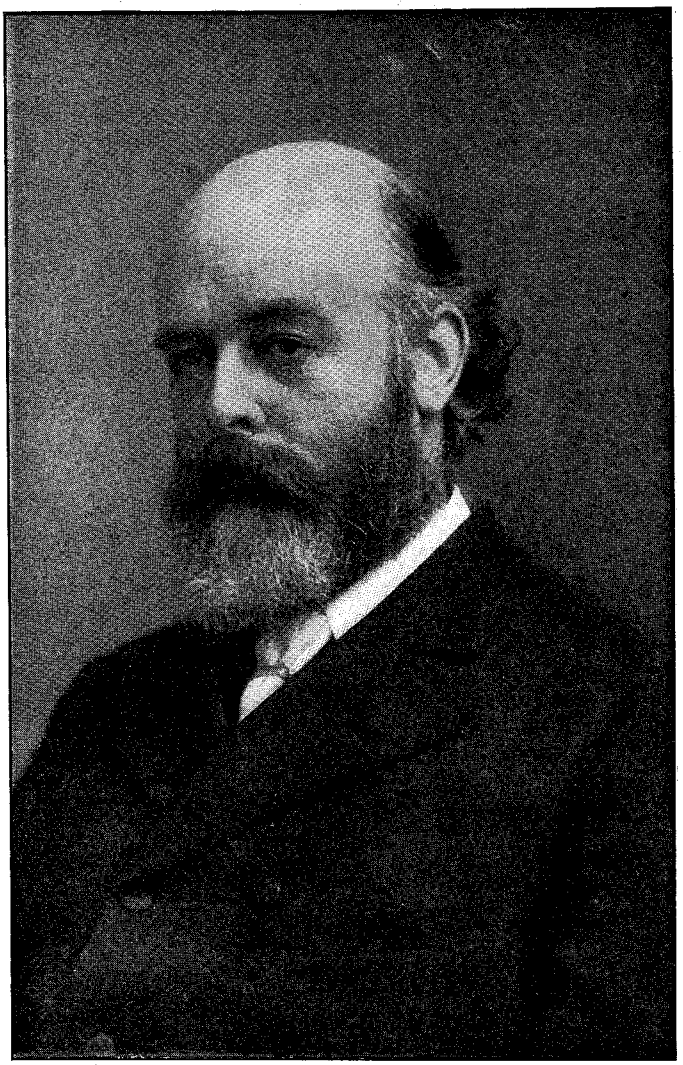
mere accident. It is the necessary outcome, the crowning proof, of the shifting of the center of power and energy of England from the agricultural South to the industrial North. Not in the green hills of Oxfordshire nor the rich fenlands of Cambridge, but in seafaring Liverpool, cotton-spinning Manchester, metal-working Sheffield, cloth-weaving Leeds, and iron-mongering Birmingham, are England's new universities established.

Partly from this industrial setting, partly from the general tendency of the day, the practical note is dominant in all these twentieth-century foundations. The ideal of Birmingham is not the ideal of Oxford. Lacking all the traditions and collegiate charm of the Isis and the Cam, finding their students not in the Eton-trained boys with two or three hundred pounds a year for pocket-money, but in the board-school-trained sons and daughters of city middle-class homes, the new universities have recognized their limitations and their opportunities. Culture must give place to service. They are practically technical schools for all



SIR OLIVER LODGE
Principal of the University of Birmingham

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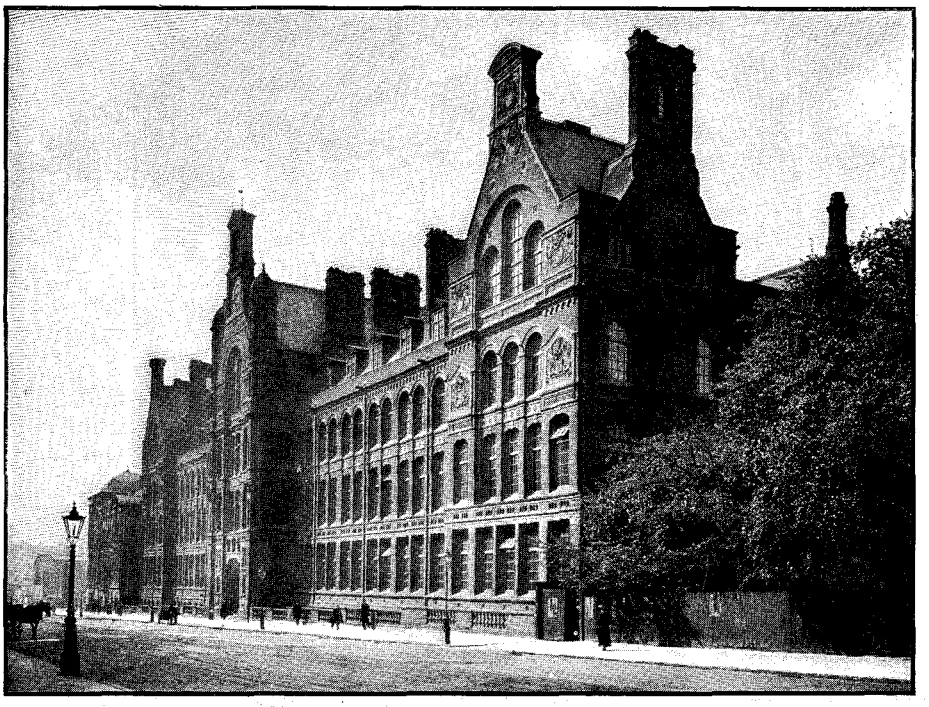
the brain-working professions. They have adopted Ezra Cornell's maxim with a completeness which challenges even the most ambitious of American universities. In Manchester, for example, there are faculties of arts, theology, law, and medicine, of science and technology, of pedagogy and music, schools of commerce, dentistry, pharmacy, and public health. This does not mean that they are professional training schools and nothing more. The arts department is strong and important, especially in Birmingham, Liverpool, and Manchester, and no small degree of general training is required of all aspirants for professional degrees. On research especial stress is laid, and in pure science more than in applied, for even enlightened materialism knows that the longest way round is the shortest home when scientific discoveries are in question. Still, the dominant note is unquestionably practical usefulness.

Not only are these universities strongly technological, but they each and all lay stress on the branches of science of most useful local application. Leeds is the center of England's textile industry, and accordingly we find in its university a School of Textile Industries and a School of Dyeing and Color Chemistry, which are doing excellent work. Had such a faculty as the latter been established twenty years ago, England would not now be galled by the spectacle of her one-time supremacy in the chemical and coloring industries wrested from her by researchful Germany. At Sheffield, appropriately, the Schools of Metallurgy and Mining are predominant. Liverpool, perhaps, is most famous for its School of Tropical Medicine, under Major Ronald Ross, famous for his discovery of the connection between the mosquito and malaria. The school was endowed by Sir Alfred Jones, head of the great steamship firm of Elder, Dempster & Co., whose interests on the West African coast make tropical sanitation a vital issue. The departments of marine biology and fisheries, of electrotechnics and physical chemistry, are also specially strong here. In Birming-



CITY AND GUILDS CENTRAL TECHNICAL COLLEGE, KENSINGTON
Now part of the reorganized University of London—the chief center for technical work

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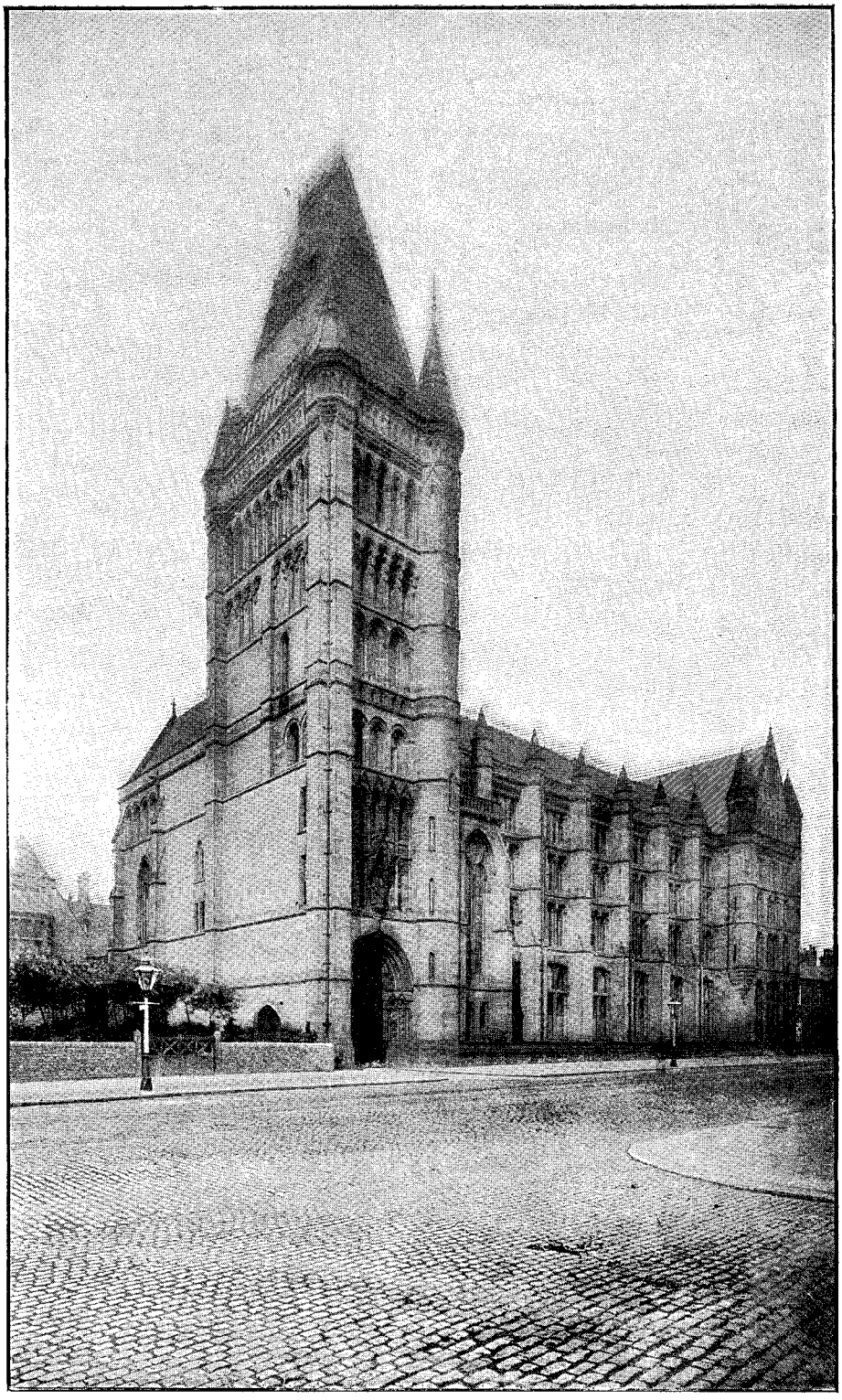

OWENS COLLEGE, VICTORIA UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER

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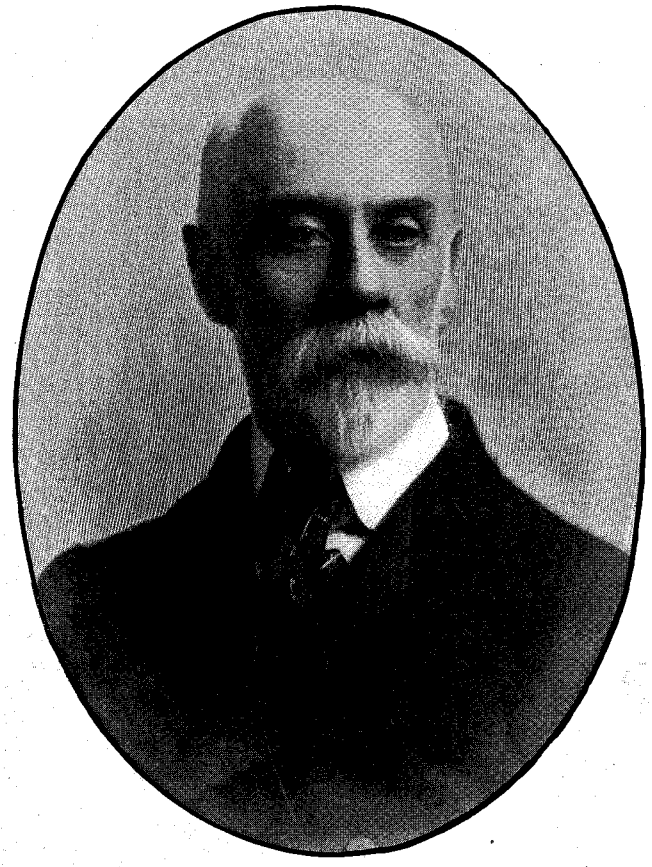
ham metallurgy and mining are prominent, and in Manchester much excellent research work has been done in chemistry and physics and their application to the Cotton City's industries.

This local adaptation is only one phase of the broader question of the relation of the university to its city home, which is perhaps the most significant feature of these new institutions. They are essentially civic universities, the creation of cities as conscious of their own individuality as the mediæval city-states of Italy. Each is an integral part of the communal life of its town, not a thing apart as Oxford and Cambridge have been for centuries and as most American universities are to-day—in their cities but not of them. The tremendous growth of municipal activities in the past thirty years in England is evidently not confined to providing for the more material wants of the citizens. Birmingham is not satisfied with a municipal tramway, a municipal gas-works; it must also have a municipal art gallery and a municipal university. Our American cities, with few exceptions, have as yet learned only half their lesson.

If the university adapts itself to the city's industries, the city on its part makes generous provision for the university's financial needs. The Corporation of Manchester has given at various times $800,000 towards the endowment of its university, and in conjunction with the Lancashire County Council gives an annual grant of about $25,000. Liverpool's Council levies a rate of a penny in the pound in aid of the University of Liverpool, producing about $70,000 a year. Sheffield is granted $35,000 by the city, and, in common with Leeds, shares in the generosity of the Yorkshire County Councils, while Birmingham's



DR. NATHAN BODINGTON
Principal of Leeds University

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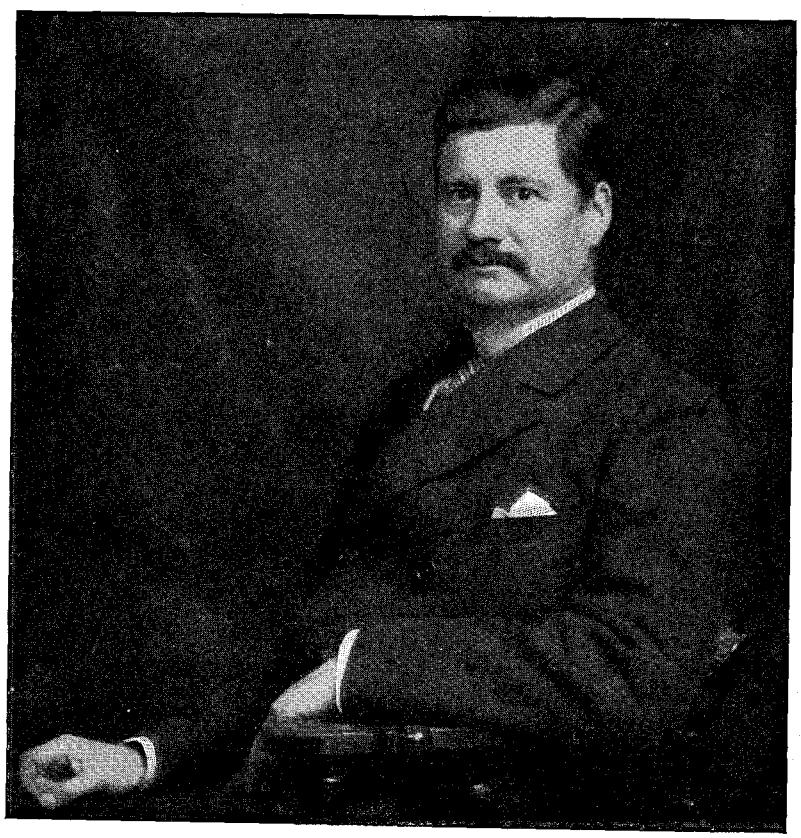
grant averages $35,000. In addition each university receives on the average $20,000 a year from the National Government—the Government's aid to higher education, that is to say, amounts in total to less than one-fifth of one per cent. of the annual grant to the army and navy.

Private gifts, of course, have not been wanting. Several of the universities owe their founding, as colleges, to individual benefactors—Birmingham to Sir Josiah Mason, and Manchester to John Owens—while the recent expansion has been made possible only by widespread popular subscriptions. But the American university's faithful friend, the millionaire, has not risen to the occasion in England. To some extent his place has been characteristically taken by the old guild companies. These picturesque survivals from mediæval times, which are popularly supposed to find no use for their great accumulated funds except in annual dinners of aldermanic proportions, are contributing extensively to the new universities. The Goldsmiths' Company, the Worshipful Company of Drapers, the Clothworkers, and the Skinners have been especially liberal, their gifts as a general rule being applied to technical departments most nearly allied with the traditional trade.

Meantime London has been the scene of a parallel movement. The compromise of 1836, by which the demands of the metropolis for a great seat of learning corresponding to the wealth and imperial position of the world's chief city were put off by the establishing of a shadow of a university which was nothing more than a vast board of examiners, did not work well. After several Royal Commissions had considered the question, a comprehensive measure was passed by Parliament in 1900, providing for the reorganization of the university as a teaching body, and the inclusion



SIR CHARLES NORTON ELIOT
Principal of Sheffield University

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within it of practically all the existing scattered centers of instruction, both academic and professional, in the metropolis, with headquarters in the magnificent building of the Imperial Institute. The new university starts out with a strong professorate, with thirty or forty centers of undergraduate teaching dispersed throughout the metropolis, and with capital in the shape of land and buildings of about ten million dollars. But this is only the beginning. A university which should rise to the height of London's opportunity, give undergraduate instruction to the twenty thousand students whom the seven millions of the metropolitan area will shortly furnish, provide postgraduate courses for the provincial and colonial students, bring order out of the present haphazard and wasteful medical courses presented by the eleven hospital schools of London, take legal instruction out of the red-tape-bound hands of the Master Benchers of the Inns of Court, and provide the technological training English industries so sorely need, will require an endowment of many millions sterling. The university's needs are in a fair way to be supplied. Individual benefactors like Sir Donald Currie, and the late Mr. Alfred Beit, the South African magnate, have made liberal gifts, the Goldsmiths' Company has given a large block of land and $25,000 a year, while the London County Council, not to be behind the municipalities of the North in civic patriotism, has made an annual grant of $50,000.

The new universities have been fortunate in the caliber of the men in whose hands their destinies have been placed. The titular heads inevitably are drawn from the aristocracy—the Duke of Devonshire is President of Victoria, and Earl Spencer its Chancellor; the Earl of Derby presides over Liverpool, the Marquis of Ripon over Leeds, and the Duke of Norfolk over Sheffield, while the solitary commoner is the Chancellor of Birmingham, Joseph Chamberlain. The active heads, with one exception, are men of long academic experience. Sir Arthur William Rücker was distinguished as a physicist before he gave up his chair in the Royal College of Science for the principalship of London. Vice-Chancellor Bodington, of Leeds, is the only classicist in the group; he was for many years Professor of Greek in Mason College and later in Yorkshire College, out of which Leeds University has developed. Principal Hopkinson, of Victoria, came to preferment through the law; as Stowell Professor at Oxford he made the reputation which led to his present appointment. The head of Birmingham, Sir Oliver Lodge, is known the world over as one of the most original and stimulating, if not always most convincing, of living thinkers, eminent in scientific discovery, the leading spirit in the psychical research movement in England, and especially of late years a firm upholder of the ultimate unity of science and religion—though of a science and a religion which shall have been born again. The new Vice-Chancellor of Sheffield, Sir Charles Norton Eliot, approaches nearer the American administrative type of university president. Though he had a brilliant course at Balliol, where he was Craven and Hertford Scholar, and has kept in close touch with academic interests since leaving Oxford, nothing seemed less probable a year or two ago than that he would shortly be found at the head of an English university. He entered the diplomatic service in 1888 as Third Secretary of the Embassy at St. Petersburg, and after service in three other European capitals and a term as Secretary of the Embassy in Washington, he was in 1900 appointed her Majesty's Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief for the British East African Protectorate. The success of his work there and its dramatic termination a year ago, after his quarrel with the Home Government, are still fresh in public memory. His release from public duty came at a fortunate juncture for Sheffield, and under his presidency the youngest of England's universities gives promise of being not behind its older sisters in the great task of educating the young men of England for their life-work.

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THREE GREAT ORCHESTRAL CONDUCTORS

FELIX WEINGARTNER—KARL MUCK—WASSILI SAFONOFF

HOWEVER Americans may pride themselves upon the fact that their land is commercially and politically free and independent, they are not ashamed of the fact that musically their land is dependent upon Europe. Indeed, they seem to relish their condition of musical inferiority. A foreign name is actually an asset for a musician in America; foreign approval of a musical performer or a composition is almost a requisite for favorable reception by American audiences; and the more foreign the foreigner who comes to our shores, the more likely he is to find people ready to listen to his claims to musical genius or skill.

This is not altogether unfortunate. It is incidentally hard, perhaps, on American musicians; but it is of some advantage to the American public. It has resulted in making the United States musically cosmopolitan. German, Frenchman, Norwegian, Hungarian, Russian, and Pole are all equally welcome to these shores. They bring with them widely various musical ideals; they acquaint American hearers with different musical temperaments; they represent diverse currents in the stream of musical development. The United States is still in its period of tutelage in the art of music, and it therefore profits by a variety of teachers. Some breadth of view almost necessarily follows from conditions that bring to this land such visitors as von Bülow, Rubinstein, Paderewski, d'Indy, Strauss, Humperdinck, Elgar, such sojourners as Gericke, Nikisch, Dvořák, and such adopted Americans as Thomas and the Damrosches—to mention names almost at random, and to omit altogether a host of singers and violinists.

Each of these, so far as he has rendered any service, has been an educator in some aspect of the art. Some of them have exhibited, for instance, such high technical excellence in performance that the American public, especially in our large cities, are dissatisfied with the slovenly and incompetent performer. Others have been the heralds of new movements in music or revivers of old and permanently valuable forms.

Among those who have set before the lovers of music in America the highest standards of musicianship, no one has surpassed Felix Weingartner. There are a host of Americans who have reason for deeply regretting his decision, recently announced, to "retire from active concert-conducting." He gives as his reason his desire for seclusion and for release from the excitement that accompanies his appearance in public. He wishes now to devote himself to writing and to composition. His two visits to the United States will long be remembered. To many hearers his interpretation of a Beethoven symphony was like the opening of a door into a new world of music. He is not confined, however, to one school of music. He has the rare power of understanding composers of different periods and diverse temperaments. More than that, he has the power to evoke from the orchestra the music that he finds in the score. His clear, direct, expressive movements seem to transform themselves into sound. But whether he makes the music tremble with the intensity of emotion, or soar exultingly, or sway languorously, or shimmer with woven melodies, or throb in martial rhythm, one feels that the music is all the while under the complete control of

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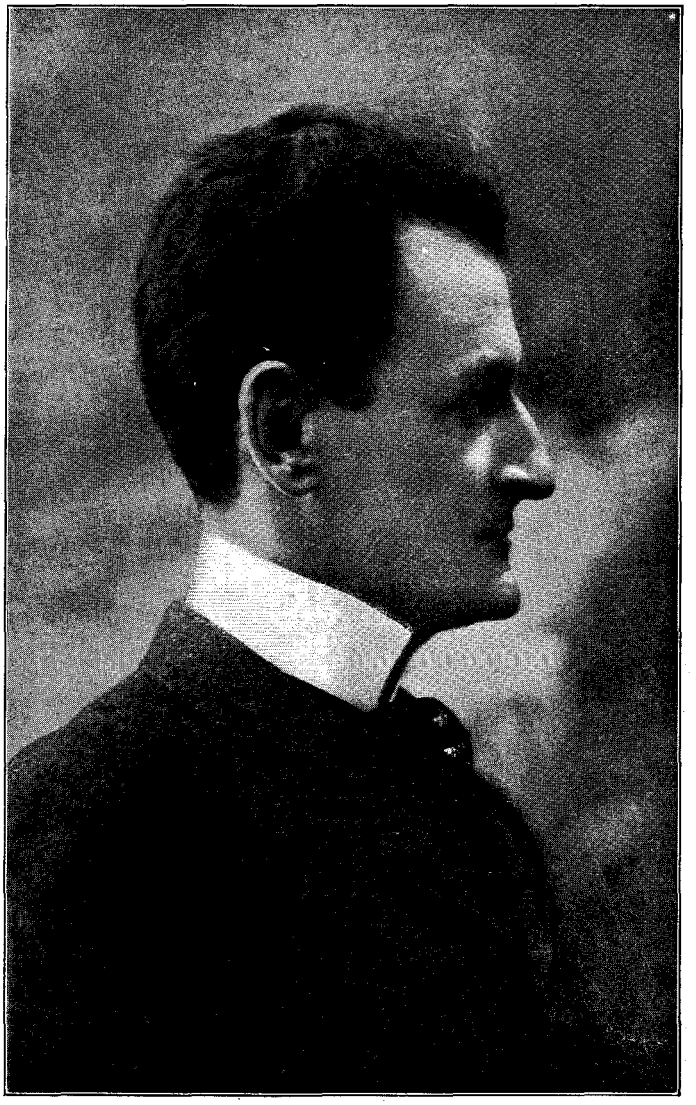
a masterful will and a clear-seeing mind. It is hard not to speak extravagantly of Weingartner's insight, taste, and consummate skill as an orchestral conductor.

Whether he will continue to conduct the concerts of the Berlin Opera Orchestra is not at present clear; he has not yet been successful in gaining the consent of the authorities to his request for release from the post of conductor; but it is unhappily too likely that he will cease altogether to be a "guest conductor."

As a composer Felix Weingartner has not yet attained a position which merits comparison with his eminence, one might say his pre-eminence, as a conductor. He is not, however, much beyond forty. The time may come when he will have proved himself a composer of high rank. In the meantime the world is poorer by his retirement. Those Americans, however, who in East and West have had their musical experiences enriched by his interpretations of great compositions can understand, at least, the nature of the motive that has impelled him to forego a pecuniary fortune for the sake of indulging what seems to him a higher artistic ambition



KARL MUCK

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than he has heretofore been free to entertain.

In comparison with Felix Weingartner, Wassili Safonoff, of Moscow, is an emotional conductor—or rather one who is most effective in the interpretation of highly emotional music. Tschaikowski's Sixth Symphony, commonly called the Pathétique—which seems to voice all the sorrows of Russia—has almost become Mr. Safonoff's personal property by virtue of his poignant interpretation of it. Like Herr Weingartner, Mr. Safonoff came here as one of the "star conductors" invited by the New York Philharmonic Society to conduct its concerts. Now Mr. Safonoff is engaged to be the regular conductor of the Philharmonic Orchestra. It sometimes seems as if Americans needed no education in emotionalism. We are, it is often said, already too emotional. But perhaps our failure as yet to create any great musical work may be due to the fact that as a people we have been too ready to express in trivial form our ephemeral feelings, and not ready to give permanent expression to those emotions which are funda-

FELIX WEINGARTNER

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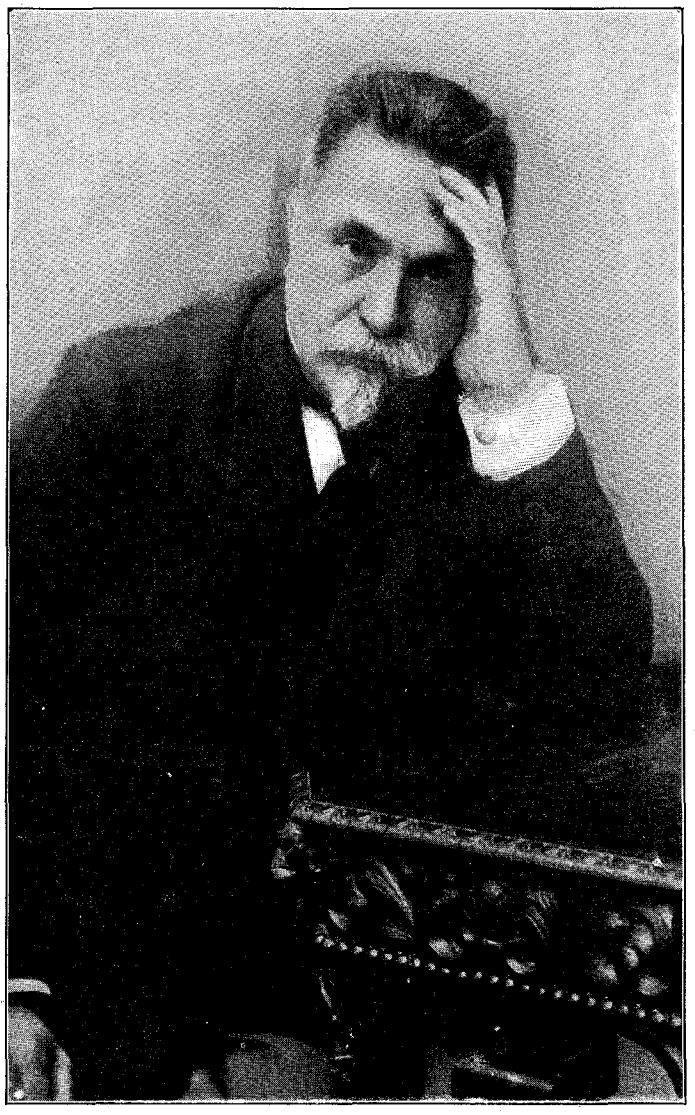
mental. If this is so, the new Philharmonic conductor may bring with him an artistic power which we Americans need. Incidentally it will be interesting to note how the Philharmonic Orchestra under his direction will survive the exciting and abnormal experiences of the past two years under a succession of what have been impertinently called prima donna conductors.



WASSILI SAFONOFF

Unlike both Herr Weingartner and Mr. Safonoff, Dr. Karl Muck, who comes for one year, as the successor of Mr. Gericke, to conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has not appeared in the United States before. He is not quite forty-seven years old. He studied to fit himself to be a Government official, and bears the degree of Ph.D.; but he early turned to music. He has been opera conductor at Zurich, Salzburg, Graz, and Prague. For about fourteen years he has been Kapellmeister in the Royal Opera, Berlin; from this post he has a leave of absence in order to accept his present engagement. He has directed concerts of several European orchestras, including those of the Vienna Philhar-

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monic Society. There are contradictory opinions concerning his qualities as an orchestral conductor. The practice of the Boston Symphony Orchestra of visiting regularly other cities will give opportunity for many American concert-goers and critics to judge of his qualities for themselves.

A FOUNTAIN OF GARDENS

BY ZONA GALE

IT seems to Peleas and me that most of the beautiful things that have come to us have been a part of our old age, as if in a kind of tender compensation. But there is one beautiful happening of our youth that we love to remember, the more because it befell in the very week of our betrothal. And though our betrothal was more than fifty years ago, I suppose, to be quite truthful, that there is very little about those days that I do not recall; or if there be any forgotten moments, I grieve to confess them. There are, however, I find to my amazement, many excellent people who conscientiously remember the dates of the Norman Conquest and the fall of Constantinople, and who are yet obliged to stop to think on what day their betrothal fell. As for me, I would far rather offend my conscience in a matter of Turks than in a matter of love-knots.

On a delicate day in May, Eighteen Hundred and Thirty-five, Peleas and I, who are now more than seventy, were quite other people. And I do protest that the lane where we were walking was different, too. I have never seen it since that summer; but I cannot believe that it now wears anything like the same fabric of shadow, the same curve of hedge-row, or that season's pattern of flowers. The lane ran between the Low Grounds and the property of the Governor, on one side the thatched cots of the mill-folk and the woodsmen, and on the other the Governor's great mansion, a very treasure-house of rare canvas and curio. That morning the lane was a kind of causeway between two worlds, and there was no sterner rampart than a hedge of early wild roses. I remember how, stepping with Peleas along that way of sun, I loved him for his young strength, and his blue eyes, and his splendid shoulders, and his strong hands, and for the way he looked down at me—but I think that he must have loved me chiefly for my little gown of roses and for the roses in my hat. For I took very little account of life save its roses, and I must believe that a sense of roses was my most lovable quality. We were, I recall, occupied chiefly in gathering roses from the hedge-row to fill my reticule.

"Now, suppose," said Peleas, busy in a corner of green where the bloom was thickest, "suppose we were to find that the hedges go on and never stop, and that all there is to the world is this lane, and that we could walk here forever?"

I nodded. That was about my conception of the world, and that speculation of Peleas's did not impress me as far wrong.

"Do you wish this morning could last forever, Ettare, do you?" asked Peleas, looking down at me.

"Yes," said I, truthfully, "I do." I hope that there is no one in the world who could not, with his whole soul, say that at least once of some hour of spring and youth. In such a moment, it is my belief, the spirit is very near entering upon its own immortality—since I have always held that immortality must begin at some beautiful moment in this life. Though as for me, at that moment, I confess myself to have been thinking of nothing more immortal than the adorable way that Peleas had of saying my name.

"But by and by," Peleas went on, "I think we would come to a garden. Who ever heard of a love story without a garden? And it will be a 'different' garden from all the rest—the trees will be higher, and the shadows will be made differently, and instead of echoes there will be music. And there will be foun-

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tains—fountains everywhere; and when one has gone in the garden, a fountain will spring up at the gate and no one can get out—ever. What do you think of that for a garden?" asked Peleas.

"I think," said I, "that the garden we will come to will be Miss Deborah Ware's."

For, in fact, I was carrying a message to Miss Deborah Ware, a kinswoman of my mother's, and I had met Peleas only by some heavenly chance as he crossed the common.

"And who is Miss Deborah Ware?" asked Peleas, doubtfully, as if weighing the matter of entering her garden.

"She owns a gold thimble," I explained, "that once belonged to Marie Antoinette. She prefers wooden sabots to all other shoes. And she paints most beautiful pictures."

"Ah," said Peleas, enlightened, "so *that* is who she is? And how does she look, pray?"

"I am certain that she looks like the Queen of Sheba," I told him. "And, moreover, all her caps are crown-shaped."

"*Now* I know how the Queen of Sheba looks," cried Peleas, triumphantly. "She looks like the crowns of Miss Deborah's caps. Do you happen to know what the toll is, to leave this lane?"

As I did not know—did anybody ever know?—and as we were even then at the end of the lane, my ignorance was rebuked, and I paid the toll, and, I fancy, repeated the lesson—it was a matter of honor to the sun and the wild roses not to let it be otherwise. And we crossed the West Meadow by the long way, and at the last—at the very last, and nearly noon!—we reached the cottage where Miss Deborah Ware had come to spend the summer and engage in the unmaidenly pursuit of painting pictures.

To tell the truth, our summer community of good Knickerbocker folk were inclined to question Miss Deborah's good taste. Not that they objected to the paint, but the lack of virtue seemed to lie in the canvas. If Miss Deborah had painted candle-shades, or china porringers, or watered silk panels, or flower-pots, no one, I think, would have murmured. But when they learned that she painted *pictures*, they spread and lifted their fans.

"Miss Deborah Ware would ape the men," they said, sternly. And when they saw her studio apron made of ticking and having a bib, they tried to remonstrate with my mother, her kinswoman.

"She is a great beauty, for her age," said the women. "But Beauty is as Beauty does," they reminded her.

"Deborah does as Deborah is," my mother answered, smiling.

Miss Deborah was wearing the apron of ticking that morning that we went to see her—Peleas and I, who, I fancy, were rather basely making her an excuse for the joy of our morning together. But Miss Deborah would have been the last to condemn that. She was in a room overlooking the valley, and a flood of north light poured upon her easel and idle palette. Miss Deborah was breakfasting; and she explained that she had had a great fit for working very early; and she gave us some delicious tea and crumpets.

"This is the tea," she told us, "that Cupid and Psyche always drank. At least I suppose that is what the Japanese label says. Or perhaps it says Aucassin and Nicolette. . . . I am a bit back in my Japanese." And immediately Miss Deborah nodded at me a little, and murmured that I crimsoned as prettily as either of these ladies.

Then: "They tell me that you two are betrothed," she said, leaning back in her chair. "Why is that?"

At that I blushed again, and so I have no doubt did Peleas, for we had not so much as said that word in each other's presence, and to hear it pronounced aloud was the most heavenly torture.

"I suppose you are very much in love," she answered her question meditatively. "Well, I believe you. I believe you so thoroughly that I would like to paint you. What barbarism it is," she went on, "that they don't allow young lovers to have their portraits painted together while they are betrothed! Could there be a more delicious bit of history added to any portrait gallery? And what if the marriage never did come off—saving your presence? The history might be all the more delicious

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for the separation, and the canvas would be quite as valuable. I am at this moment painting two dear little peasant folk whose people flatter me by being delighted. I think that I must really speak to your mother, child, about painting you," she said.

At that I stole a glance at Peleas and surprised him at the same pastime. And in that moment I do not think that either the history or the taste of the portrait greatly occupied us; for neither of us could pass with serenity the idea of the sittings. Together, mornings, in that still, sun-flooded studio! What joy for those other lovers! In those days one had only to mention an impossibly romantic situation for Peleas and me to live it out, in imagination, to its minutest joy.

"Of course she will not consent," added Miss Deborah, philosophically, "so if I were you I would have another crumpet. My crumpets are considerably better than my portraits. And my cook does the crumpets."

She leaned forward in her low chair, and Peleas and I looked at her in a kind of awe. She was like mother's sweet-william that never would blossom in the seed-book colors, but came out unexpectedly in the most amazing variegations. She sat with one long, slim hand propping her face—a face attenuated, whimsical in line, with full red mouth and eyes that never bothered with what went on before them so long as this did not obstruct their view.

"What do you think of that picture over your heads?" she asked..

We looked, glad to be set at our ease. And then Peleas and I turned to each other in delicious trepidation. For there, on the wall of Miss Deborah's studio, was a picture of the very garden that we two had meant to find! We recognized it at once—our garden, where Peleas had said the spring lane would lead between the hedge-rows, and where the shadows would fall differently, and the echoes be long drawn to music.

I cannot tell what there may have been about that picture so to move us, and to this day I do not know what place it strove to show. But, oh! I remember the green of it, the tender, early green, the half-evident boughs of indeterminate bloom, the sense of freshness, of sweet surprise at some meaning of the year, the well, the shrine, the shepherd with his pipes—the incommunicable spirit of rhythm and of echo.

"Do you like it?" asked Miss Deborah, smiling; and I was abashed to find my eyes filled with tears.

"I think that this," answered Peleas, quaintly, "will be the soul of spring, Miss Deborah; and the outdoors, this morning, will be the body."

"I dare say," said Miss Deborah, nodding; "though I fancy more things are souls than we give them credit for," she added.

Miss Deborah looked at us, her chin in her hand. And after a moment, to our great amazement, she said:

"I shall give you this picture for a wedding gift, I think. And I tell you now so that if you are tempted to break the engagement you will think twice. Is it a picture that you want to live with?"

It was not only a picture with which we wanted to live; it was a picture whose spell would be eternal. And "Did you paint it, Miss Deborah?" we asked in our simplicity.

Miss Deborah shook her head and named a great name, then just beginning to be reverenced.

"He paints pictures better than his cook makes crumpets," she said, "and the quality is not usual. Spend the day with me," she added, abruptly. "I would like you to see the little lovers who are sitting for my 'Betrothed.' I will send a message to your mother, Ettare. Sit there while I work. I like to think of you there."

Whereupon she went off to her easel before the north light, and Peleas and I sat in the quiet room with our Wonderful Picture, and talked of it.

"There must be such a place," said Peleas, simply, "or he wouldn't have painted it. He *couldn't*, you know. There must be a place a little like it."

"Yes, a little like it," I assented, "with the fountain at the gate, the way you said."

"Wouldn't it be wonderful to find it?" Peleas went on. "To come upon it quite suddenly when we didn't know. In Etruria, or Tuscany, or Tempe."

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Yes, it would be wonderful, and before all things wonderful.

"We would know it at once," he added. "We would have to know it, whatever way we came—by the well, or by the path, or by the shrine."

Yes, we agreed, we would have to know it. And what wonder to step together over that heavenly green, with the rhythm and echo of the pipes to lure us to the way! If once we found it we would never leave it—we settled that, too. For this was the week of our betrothal, and it did not occur to us that one must seek more than gardens. So we talked, and in the mists of our happy fancy Peleas suddenly set a blessed reality that made our hearts beat more joyously than for their dreams.

"Think, dear," he said, "this picture will hang in our home."

It would—it would. We looked at it with new eyes. In our home!

Eventually Miss Deborah Ware came back, one hand in the pocket of her ticking apron.

"You two make me think of that picture," she said. "That is why I have given it to you, I think. It is such a kind of heaven-and-earth place, with the upper air to breathe, and what little ballast there is would be flowers and pipes of Pan. But *I* don't find fault with that. Personally, I believe that that is the only air there is, and I'm certain it's the only proper ballast. You recognize the place in the picture, don't you?"

We looked at each other in some alarm at the idea of being told; but we ought to have trusted Miss Deborah.

"'A fountain of gardens,'" she quoted, "'a well of living waters and streams from Lebanon. Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices may flow out.' I don't know if that is what he meant," she added, "but that is what he painted. 'Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south,' is undoubtedly what that shepherd is piping. Come to luncheon. Perhaps we shall find goat's-milk cheese, and Bibline wine, and pure white honey. In case we do not, would steamed clams do?"

"Miss Deborah," said Peleas, as we followed her down the studio, "we mean to go to that garden—the real garden, you know. We've been saying so now."

In the studio door she turned and faced us, nodding her understanding.

"Go there," she said. "But whether you ever go to the real garden or not, mind you live in this one. And one thing more—mind you pay your entrance fee," she said.

At this, remembering as I do how our world was stuff of dreams, I fancy that we both must have looked a bit bewildered. *Entrance fee!* What had our fountain of gardens to do with an entrance fee?

"You don't know what that means?" she said. "I thought as much. Then I think I must ask you to promise me something."

She went across the corridor to the dining-room, and we followed, wondering.

"Just you keep the picture," said Miss Deborah Ware, "until it will make some one else happier than it makes you. And then give it away. Will you remember? Do you get the idea of the entrance fee to the garden? And you promise? It's just as I thought—we've steamed clams instead of ambrosia. Are you sorry you stopped?"

It was a very merry luncheon, and I remember chiefly the epergne of clematis, and the border of the wall-paper done in sun-dials and crocuses, and the sun flooding through leaded glass. Those were the days when an epergne of clematis and a border of sun-dials and the like seemed to me to be inclusive of the law and the prophets, and I felt a luxury of pity for every one who had not this special grace of understanding. I think that I even felt a little stir of pity for Miss Deborah Ware. Yes, I decided, Miss Deborah was like mother's sweet-william that would not blossom in the colors of the seed catalogue, but showed forth amazing hues of its own. Such as that entrance fee to Arcady!

We lingered at table until Miss Deborah's two little models were announced—the two who were sitting for her "Betrothed."

"They are adorable little people," she said. "You must see them before you

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go. They make me think of ripe apples and robin redbreasts and mornings in the country. Even if it were not so, I would like them for their shyness. The little maid—her name is Mitty Greaves—is in the prettiest panic every time I look at her; and Joel, the young lover, actually blushes when the clock strikes."

She went away to the studio, and Peleas and I looked at each other in sudden abashment to find ourselves in the delicate intimacy of taking our coffee alone. It might have been our own table, in a land of clematis and sun-dials, beside our very fountain of gardens itself. Peleas stretched his hand across the table for mine, and we sat there in magnificent disregard of coffee, until the sun slanted away from the leaded glass and the sweet drowsiness of the afternoon was in the garden. Then we wandered back to the studio and sat in the window-seat opposite our Wonderful Picture, and in murmurs disposed for all time, as we thought, of that extraordinary promise which Miss Deborah had demanded.

"This picture," Peleas said, solemnly, "never could make anybody so happy as it makes us. For it *is* our garden, that we planned in the lane this morning. . . . The picture will always bring back this morning to us, Ettare. It is our garden—it *couldn't* be the same to any one else."

"If we were to give it to any one, Peleas," I recall saying, "it must be to some one who would understand what the garden means better than we."

"Yes," he assented; "some one who walks there all day long. Some one who 'walks in beauty,' all the time."

Thereafter we fancied ourselves standing by the white shrine and looking in the deep well, and we saw our dreams take shape in the nebulous fall of the fountain. Of our betrothal week it seems to me that that hour is sweetest to recall when I sat throned in the window-seat in my gown of roses, and Peleas, at my feet, talked of our life to be. I think that there came fluting to us from the wall the sound of the piping in our garden. Perhaps, although we had not then seen their faces, the mere presence of those other lovers was a part of our delight.

Presently Miss Deborah Ware pushed aside the curtain in the far end of the studio.

"Now they are going to rest for a little," she said, "and I must go down to the kitchen. But you go about, anywhere you like."

It fell so silent in the studio that Peleas and I fancied those other lovers to have gone out through the glass doors into the garden. And when Peleas proposed that we go to the north window and look away over the valley, I think that we must have believed ourselves to be alone in the studio. At all events, I recall that as we went up the room, lingering before a cast or a sketch or a bit of brass, Peleas had slipped his arm about me; and his arm was still about me when we stood before the north window and he said:

"Ettare—have you thought of something? Have you thought that some day we shall stand before the picture of our garden *when we are old?*"

This was a surprising reflection, and we stood looking in each other's eyes trying to fathom the mystery, the mystery that we have not fathomed yet, for even now we go wondering how it can be that we, who *were* we, are yet *not* we; and still the love—the love persists. I know of nothing more wonderful in the world than that.

But to youth this thought brings an inevitable question:

"Will you love me then as much as you love me now?" I asked inevitably; and when Peleas had answered with the unavoidable "More," I dare say that I promptly rebuked him with youth's "But could you love me more?" And I am certain that he must have answered with the usual divine logic of "No, sweetheart."

By which it will be seen that that May Day in Eighteen Hundred and Thirty-five was as modern as love itself.

Then, for no reason at all, we looked toward the west window; and there, in the embrasure across the width of the great room, were standing Mitty Greaves and Joel, Miss Deborah's little lover-models, and both her hands were

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crushed in his, and he was looking into her lifted eyes as if he were settling for all time some such question as had just been gladdening us.

They did not see us. And as swiftly as if we had been the guilty ones—as indeed we were—we stole back to the other end of the studio, breathless with our secret. We felt such fellowship with all the world, and particularly the world of lovers, that so to have surprised them was, in a manner, a kind of delicious justification of ourselves. It was some way like having met ourselves in another world, where the heavenly principle which we already knew maintained with a heavenly persistence.

"I dare say," murmured Peleas, joyously, "I dare say that they think they love each other as much as we do!"

We were sitting in the window-seat, a little awed by our sudden sense of being sharers in such a universal secret, when Miss Deborah came back and forthwith summoned us all before the open fire. She had brought a great plate of home-made candy, thick with nuts.

"Mitty and Joel," she said, leisurely, "shall I tell you a secret? You are not the only ones who are in love. For these two friends here are like to be married before you are."

Dear little Mitty in her starched white muslin frock—I can see her now, how she blushed and lifted her shy eyes. Mitty was the daughter of a laundress in the Low Grounds, and I remember the scrupulous purity of her exquisitely white, threadbare little gown. Miss Deborah had told us that her very hair looked ironed, and that it had long been her opinion that her mother starched her flaxen braids. And Joel, in his open-throated blue blouse, could no more have kept the adoration from his eyes when he looked at Mitty than he could have kept his shifting brown hands quiet on his knees. They belonged to the little wild-bird people, a variety that I have since come to love and to seek out.

"And why," asked Peleas then, "are we likely to be married first? For I'm afraid we have a whole year to wait."

I recall that Miss Deborah tried to turn aside that question by asking us quickly how we had been amusing ourselves; and when Peleas told her that we had been sitting before our Wonderful Picture, she talked about the picture almost as if she wished to keep us silent.

"Up at the Governor's house," said Miss Deborah, "they have wanted for years to buy it. The Governor saw it when I had it in town. But the picture is yours now, for all that. Don't you think that is a pretty picture, Mitty?" she asked.

At this little Mitty looked up, proud and pleased to be appealed to, and turned shyly to our Wonderful Picture—the picture that gave Peleas and me a new sense of happiness whenever we looked at it; and she said, with a hesitation that was like another grace:

"Yes'm. It's the loveliest green, all over it. It's the color of the moss on the roof of our woodshed."

Ah, poor little Mitty, I remember thinking almost passionately. Why was it that she was shut out from the kind of joy that came to Peleas and me in our picture? It was as if their love were indeed of another world, in another sense than we had thought. For this picture that had opened a kind of paradise to us was to these other lovers merely suggestive of Mitty's woodshed roof down in the Low Grounds.

"Shall you be married by the autumn?" Peleas asked of them then, somewhat hurriedly.

And at that Miss Deborah fell silent, as if she had done her best to make us understand; and Mitty answered him.

"Oh, no, sir," she said, hesitatingly. "You see, it's Joel's father—he's hurt in the woods—a tree fell on him—he can't ever work no more, they think. And so Joel's got the family for a while."

"Joel's got the family for a while." We knew what that meant, even before Peleas's sympathetic questioning brought out the fact that six were dependent upon him, boy that he was, with his own right to happiness. He talked bravely, even buoyantly, of his prospects on his pittance at the mill. And little Mitty listened and looked up at him adoringly, and faced with perfect courage the prospect of those years of loneliness and waiting. As I heard them talk,

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and as their shy plans unfolded in the warmth of our eager interest, I think there came to me for the first time the sad wondering that must fall upon us all: How should it be that Peleas and I had so much and they so little? how should it be that to us there were the spring lanes, the May roses, the fountain of gardens—and to them the burden of the day?

To us the fountain of gardens! The thought was as poignant as a summons. Ay, to us the joy of the garden, the possession of its beauty; and why, then, since we possessed its spirit, should the mere magic of the canvas be ours? We could part with that and by no means lose our garden, for the garden would be ours always. But the value that the world would set upon the picture itself, the value that they would set upon it at the Governor's house, where were walls of rare canvas and curio—was this what Miss Deborah had meant, I wondered? Here, on the day that we had received it, were there come two to whom Miss Deborah's gift would give greater happiness than to us?

I looked at Peleas, and I think that in that moment was worked our first miracle of understanding, and to this day we do not know to whom the wish came first. But Peleas smiled, and I nodded a little, and he knew, and he stooped toward Miss Deborah; and I leaned toward Mitty and spoke most incoherently, I fancy, to keep her attention from what Miss Deborah should say. But for all that I heard perfectly:

"Would it be enough?" Miss Deborah repeated. "Dear boy, the picture would keep the whole family like kings for a year. Since you ask me, you know."

And Peleas turned to me with a barely perceptible—

"Shall we, Ettare?"

And I made him know that it was what I would have above all other things, if Miss Deborah were willing. And as for Miss Deborah, she leaned back in her low chair with her eyes shining and a little pink spot on either cheek, and she said only:

"I told you! I tell everybody! It's you heaven-and-earth kind of people, with a ballast of flowers, that know more about your entrance fee to the garden than anybody else."

We wondered a little afterward what she could have meant; for of course there could be no question of our having paid an entrance fee to our garden in the sense that she had intended; for what we were proposing to do was to us no payment of a debt, or a fee; but instead a great happiness to us both.

"Are you sure they want it for the Governor's house *now?*" asked Peleas in sudden anxiety.

"They were here again yesterday to ask me," Miss Deborah assured us; and I think there was a certain radiance in her face.

So Miss Deborah told Mitty and Joel—dear little maid, dear honest young lover; shall I ever forget the look in their eyes when they knew? And, remembering, I am smitten with a kind of wonderment at the immortality of the look of happiness in another's eyes. For many and many a time, when Peleas and I have been stepping through some way of shadow, we have, I know, recalled the look on those luminous young faces; and we have said to each other that life can never be wholly shadowed or wholly barren while there remain in the world wistful faces to whom one may bring that look. It is so easy to make eyes brighten—as I hope every one in the world knows.

And so our fountain of gardens became the soil for such a plant as the happiness of Mitty and Joel—Mitty with the starched flaxen braids and Joel with the brown shining face, to whom the picture had suggested only the green of a woodshed roof! Peleas and I had quite forgotten that we had meant to give the picture to some one who should understand the garden better than we—some one who should "walk in beauty." Something of the significance of this stirred vaguely in our thought even then; but I think that we have since come to regard this change of purpose as holding one of the meanings of life.

Mitty and Joel left Miss Deborah's house just before us, and Peleas and I lingered for a moment in her doorway.

"That young artist," said Miss Deborah, "who paints pictures better than his cook makes crumpets—I shall write to

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him to-night. I shall tell him that even if he never paints another picture he will not have been an artist in vain." She leaned toward us, smiling and nodding a little. "There will be other entrance fees," she said; "watch for them."

We went up the twilight lane that lay between the Governor's treasure-house of canvas and curio and the thatched cots of the Low Grounds. Save for the shadowy figures of Mitty and Joel walking before us and waving their hands at the lane's turning, nothing was changed since the morning. Yet now the spirit of the place lay not only in its spell of bloom and green, but it lay also in us. Some door had been opened and we had entered in.

When we reached the upper meadow, Peleas suddenly caught my hand.

"Ah, look—look, Ettare!" he cried.

In the dimness the meadow lay—all tender, early green, like that of our Wonderful Picture, with half-evident boughs of indeterminate bloom, pleasant with freshness and with sweet surprise at some meaning of the year.

"Peleas," I said, "I think, if we look, the well and the shepherd with his pipes will be over there."

"And the shrine," said Peleas.

We stood at the stile, and it seemed to us that the dusk had shaped itself to be our garden, at whose gate, when one has entered in, a fountain shall spring, so that, as Peleas had said, "no one can get out—ever." At the last we looked long in each other's eyes. And I think that we read there the secret of the garden that lies not in Etruria, or Tuscany, or Tempe; and we knew its living waters and its spices and its incommunicable spirit of rhythm and of echo.

FIVE DAYS A RANCHWOMAN

BY ELEANOR WHITING

THERE was once upon a time a Montana ranchwoman, who, having a Yankee for a husband, thought to surprise him with a dish of codfish. Eagerly she watched for the return of the bi-weekly coach that carried the mails and, as she hoped, her grocery order. Instead, it brought her this letter:

Dear Madam: Being out of codfish, we take the liberty of sending you sample of our new stove polish. Hoping it will meet with your approval, we are, etc., etc.

I am not that woman, but I had a fellow-feeling for her isolation and her helplessness the day my hostess of the Romeike ranch disappeared round the crest of the farthest butte, leaving me to run the shack in her stead. A hand swollen and poisoned by some wild thing made it advisable for her to consult a physician, and the nearest physician was five days away.

So it was up to me, a poor little New York newspaper woman, unhandy, inexperienced, undomestic, to mother Mr. Romeike, Ralph Morgan, the cowboy or hired man, and as many of our Custer County neighbors as chose to drop in on us for the next five days.

I had come out to Montana six weeks earlier, partly for my health, partly for a good time, and had taken to ranch life enthusiastically. Our one-story, five-roomed cabin of logs plastered together with yellow mud, set down on the rolling prairie as it was, without the least relieving graciousness of clinging vine or flowering garden-bed or even a yard, had soon become like home to me, and the ranch people, with their *camaraderie*, their independence, their inalienable dignity, and their ingrained democracy, I was already beginning to regard as friends. I had been about the country a bit, and had visited in several ranch houses. Still, there had been little in my Montana experience to prepare me to meet this ordeal easily, and it was with a feeling bordering on apprehension that I applied myself to a study of the resources at my disposal.

Scarcely, then, had the old "buggy," with the mail-bags behind and Mrs.

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Romeike on the box-seat, merged itself in the yellow-brown of the prairie than I started in to take account of stock. My hostess, I found, had left me one stale loaf of bread by way of a larder; but the hens were laying prolifically; there was a garden full of cucumbers and turnips; Sis, the cow, was giving quarts of creamy milk night and morning; and the store-room showed an abundance of salmon, dried fruits, and other provisions.

In that land of big appetites, distant stores, and neighbors that may not be borrowed from, none of her many problems presses so hard upon the housekeeper as the food problem. The store-room of a well-to-do ranch is a miniature grocery-store. All the staple groceries are ordered annually or semi-annually from St. Paul or Chicago, for the local provision-dealers are broken reeds to lean upon. Besides, they come high. In opportunities for "honest graft" the calling of grocer in a small Montana settlement is unexcelled. On the other hand, there are few real privations in respect to food to be endured on a Montana ranch, but one must make up her mind to do without "red" meat and fresh fish and fresh fruit. The latter is so dear as to be practically prohibitive, fresh fish is exceedingly scarce in that dry country, and fresh meat cannot be kept without ice. Many ranchmen never taste beef or mutton from May to October.

My kitchen resembled the little opera-bouffe affairs ingenious landlords affix to seaside cottages. It was long and low, with a sloping roof and a tired old stove at one end. Compared with civilized kitchens, there didn't seem to be any place to put anything. Without hasting, without resting, the whitewash flaked off the walls, and when it rained the mud with which the roof was plastered washed through and made the floor a yellow puddle.

Just how hard were the housekeeping conditions upon that ranch, set out there on the Montana prairie, twenty-two miles from a store or a post-office, dwellers in city flats can simply not imagine. Sink there was none, for Montana ranches are innocent of drainage. Pump there was none, and all the water for cooking, cleaning, and bathing had to be brought in by hand from a spring. That meant carrying all the waste water out as carefully as the fresh water had been brought in, and dumping it down a bank at the back of the shack. The fuel was brought in by armfuls from the wood-pile, but neither this nor the distance of the water supply bothered me much, as Mrs. Romeike had brought up her menfolk to be thoughtful and obliging in these matters. Only the litter and muss did annoy me, and the trouble of building a fire if I wanted to make myself a cup of tea was such as to place an embargo upon that innocent indulgence. The ranchwoman of Custer County must work out her own salvation sturdily and merrily, in independence of ice-boxes and gas ranges, set tubs and hot and cold water, milkmen, delicatessens, confectioners, fruiterers, and all the other institutions that go to make city life easy and pleasant.

There is one thing, however, that tends to mitigate the monotony of ranch life, and that is the interest and often amusement to be derived from the animals. Mr. Romeike was a man with an instinctive love for animals, one of those who know their ways, observe their little peculiarities, and recount them with real humor. One naturally comes into very close relations on a ranch with the animals. Whenever in that stock-raising country two or three men get together, stock forms inevitably the chief topic of conversation, and the women, who are their husbands' intelligent and interested partners, know all the ins and outs of the business. "All you have to do is to live and watch the cattle putting on flesh and dollars," was the way Mrs. Romeike phrased it. But, setting aside the commercial aspects of what is undoubtedly one of the pleasantest and most independent occupations in the world, there is much to enjoy on a ranch in the comradeship of the animals.

To know that horses run in bunches, like clans or fraternities, and that you cannot bring in one horse from the range without bringing in the entire bunch he runs with; that a cow will travel fifty miles to give birth to her calf in the exact spot where she calved first; or to learn

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that summer, not winter, is the real danger-season with stock, and that the horse, nervous and thin-skinned as he is, beats the steer all hollow in point of vitality—these and a thousand facts and fragments of experience invest with a genuine intellectual interest the most trifling movements of the stock, and lend color and variety to a life that certainly has its share of languid and arid days.

Before I had reached my second day I had determined on my little daily routine.

In accordance with Custer County traditions, the man of the family every morning lit the fire, ground the coffee, and sliced the bacon which drags its wearisome trail over all ranchmen's tables from May to October. Mr. Romeike was so much defter than I about getting breakfast that I concluded to let him do it all.

Breakfast over, my first business was to put up the men's luncheon for the hay-field. Next, I hung the food down the well in tins suspended from broomsticks, the Romeike ranch not being one of those that possesses an ice supply. After that I ministered to the wants of the three beloved cats, who had been Mr. Romeike's cherished companions in his lonely "baching" days, and now ruled the shack with a rod of iron. They accepted the meatless situation with far less philosophy than we, and, with the inflexibility which all the animals seem to share where their personal habits are concerned, preferred to starve rather than eat what they did not fancy. The consequence was that they grew as thin as snakes and as languid as half-sick children. Warm milk was the one thing they tolerated in the absence of beef and mutton. Chicken palled on them. But I had been on the ranch some time before I discovered that what they really hankered for was to have their breakfast in bed. After that, of course, in bed they had to have it.

Well, the cat round completed, I worked my way through the weary, weary dishes and tidied up the bedrooms. Then I went to the garden, steering clear of any Juno-eyed cattle or frisky young mares that might be hovering about the place, secured my vegetables and prepared them for dinner, and, all this skirmishing work well out of the way, I generally made pies. My menfolk had pie for dinner, pie for luncheon, and once when I was not looking they broke loose and had pie for breakfast. An adult male appetite for pie is a very serious proposition for a New York newspaper woman to get up against.

Besides pie I gave them some sort of milk soup—we had milk to burn—every night for dinner, and a salad and vegetables, and chickens or else bacon. (I wanted to keep up their strength till the lady of the ranch should return.)

"Do you find the work very hard?" asked Mr. Romeike on the third day, as he watched me begin my matutinal duel with the dirty dishes.

"No," I replied, truthfully enough, "but everything that is done is done in the hardest possible way. If I ever became a ranchwoman for better or worse, I should expect my ranchman to give me a sink and an ice-house for a wedding present. And he needn't hope to lead me to the altar unless all the doors and windows had fly-screens—that fitted. And I should want a stove that would bake without being sworn at, and—"

"Oh, you want too much," laughed my host. "No ranchman would stand such imposition."

What troubled me most, on the last day of my stewardship as on the first, was not the work, though that was hard, nor yet the heat, though it was very hot, but the horrible loneliness.

Every morning Mr. Romeike and Ralph went off to the hay-field, four or five miles away on the prairie, leaving me alone, of course, on the ranch. I don't suppose it ever so much as crossed their minds that I, fresh from a town of four millions, could be lonely or afraid on that ranch, eight miles from the nearest neighbor.

But I was. No sooner had the hay-rack disappeared from sight than the loneliness bore down on me like a weight—the miserable, intangible, silly nervousness that won't stand analysis, but paralyzes just the same.

What if the shack, the corral, should catch fire? What if I should sever an

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artery? Or break my leg? Or fall down the well in a faint?

O for something human, something living! I felt grateful to the foolish cows for coming to water, and to the horses for pressing around the front door in their affectionate quest for sugar.

Not Sister Anne herself peered more eagerly out of her orioled casement for "anybody coming" than I out of my kitchen window. But the sun, mounting high in a peerless sky, kept on drenching the Montana landscape with light. Bald and bare, the yellow-brown prairie rolled gently away and away and away in grassy knolls to where the Bad Lands broke on the violet horizon like a city of dreams, all rose and burnt orange and maroon and amethyst.

Not a butterfly flitted by, not a bird trilled. Eight miles westward to the nearest neighbor. Twelve miles northward. Forty miles, maybe fifty, to the east. And to the south—why, a man might travel three days on horseback to the south and never see the blue smoke curling from a chimney. Sometimes, for a minute, a horse perched high on a rampart of buttes would silhouette itself against "their utmost purple rim," and I knew that with him there were others, for horses are gregarious, and that he and his friends were only a few of the creatures—horses and cows and sheep—that were drifting about by thousands, week and month and year, grazing where once the lordly buffalo had roamed. Never had nature seemed so grim, so dramatic, or so relentless.

I could have wept for joy when, about noon of my second day, a man, coming towards the house, caught me at the unromantic occupation of hanging out my dish-towels. He proved to be the nephew of Mrs. Romeike. Of course he stayed to luncheon—in Custer County one always stays to the next meal, or all night, or over Sunday, or the rest of the week, whatever it happens to be. I remember I gave him stewed tomato, bacon (at his explicit request—he said he never tired of it), the last of my inherited loaf of bread, now set and hard in the rigor of extreme old age, and fruit. "Fruit," if you do not happen to know, is the ranchman's generic name for prunes, dried apricots, peaches, apples, etc. In a land where fresh fruit is hardly come by, these dried fruits play an important part in the dietary. Seventy-five pounds were what the Romeikes relied on to carry them through the year.

It was with keen regret that I saw my visitor mount his "bronc," about half-past two, and lope off across the prairie. With him it seemed as if my last friend in this life vanished.

But the luck was with me. Next day about four o'clock an imposing outfit, consisting of six horses attached to a great freight wagon and driven by a black-eyed, fierce-looking young man, a friend of the Romeikes, drove into my silent yard. I could have thrown my arms round the neck of the uncomprehending freighter, I was so glad to see him, but as it was I only rushed off and peeled three more potatoes and added another turnip to the collection on the stove, with an enthusiasm he little recked of.

John Markham was a character. He stayed three days, and every day he seemed to grow more characteristic. Although a rising man, with a good freighting business and a fair bunch of cattle, he was in the last stages of raggedness. When I asked him if he had not another shirt, and offered to wash and iron the dilapidated thing he had on, he only fixed me with his black eyes and burst out laughing. Laundresses in Terry charge ten cents for washing and ironing a man's shirt. I suppose he thought I was drumming up trade. But he praised my poor food, and I liked him.

Son of the prairie that he was, and as self-reliant and self-poised, so far as human companionship went, or the amenities of civilization, as the stock on the range, he had within him, like most of the pioneer men I met, hidden springs of sentiment and idealism. Some one ought to write an article on "Poetry and the Pioneer." Perhaps I will, one of these days. Wherever I went in Montana, I seemed to be gathering material for it. With all their shrewdness and hardness, these ranchmen are inveterately romantic.

I was never more surprised in my life than when a young fellow, who with his brother was taking up a ranch thirty

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miles from Terry, told me his life's ambition over a second helping of cocoanut cream pie in the shabby little restaurant that looked out on the railway ties and watering-tank in that metropolis of seventy-five souls and two saloons.

He had been saying how noisy the coyotes were nights around the shack, and how monotonous it became digging post-holes and planting posts seven days a week and thirty-one days a month. His brother and he had to take turns coming to Terry to get the mails and supplies, he said, so as to get a taste of society. And then, "What I'm working for," he added, his strong young face glowing, "is to see Venice."

John Markham had the romance of his kind, but his fancy turned rather to the realm of literature. Mrs. Romeike's well-selected little library was a continuous delight to him. He said he wished he could read every volume in it.

"Shakespeare sure knew how to put up a powerful good piece," he remarked after poring an entire evening over "Romeo and Juliet."

One day a delightful cowboy, with snow-white hair and tender, confiding eyes of baby blue, dropped in to dinner from Ekalaka, his spurs jingling and his six-shooter sticking out of his hip pocket. That six-shooter offended Mr. Markham's sense of propriety, for he remarked severely to me, as the engaging cowboy was washing his hands in the bunk-house:

"I don't think a man should ought to wear his gun to dinner. His spurs, now, they're different—his bronc might get away any minute and he'd need 'em; but he wouldn't have no need to draw his gun at table, leastwise not with only one woman round."

I gazed with interest at the romantic figure of our blue-eyed guest, for it was whispered he had shot his man—a little indiscretion to which he later owed six months of almost uninterrupted poker and good fellowship in the "pen" at the expense of the State. When I asked Mr. Markham what part poker played in Montana's scheme of justice, he clamped his untamed eyes to a little ormolu and rhinestone clock that was his pet among the bric-à-brac in the living-room, and after a minute replied vaguely, "It were in the nature of an acquittal."

Experiences came thick and fast towards the end of my five days as ranch-woman. One day I was the hostess at an involuntary and wholly impromptu luncheon party. The boys had come back from the hay-field in the middle of the forenoon with a load of hay, and we were just finishing a merry little lunch together when a rap came at the front door. There stood Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin, neighbors of ours, dressed in their good clothes, their faces wreathed in company smiles, and apologies on their lips for being "so late."

"It's perfectly lovely of you to come," I said, feeling the foundations of things give way beneath me. "I am so glad to see you, but—but Mrs. Romeike is in the city and Mr. Romeike is out in the hay-field. Isn't it too bad?"

"The note said, 'Come next Saturday,'" said Mrs. Goodwin, an expression of bewilderment settling on her pretty pink face.

Then I understood. Before deciding to go to Miles City Mrs. Romeike had written to the Goodwins inviting them to come to dinner "next Saturday." When she found she was to be away on Saturday, she concluded to hold the note for a day or two, posting it in time to refer to and be accepted for the following Saturday, when she would have returned to the ranch. It was clear, however, that, forgetting to hold it till the psychological moment had passed, she had posted it at once, the Goodwins had received it in time to accept it on the day originally intended in the invitation, and here they were.

Oh, my unswept kitchen! Oh, my stacks of dirty dishes, neglected to facilitate the baking of a big batch of pies! And alack and alas for my pies, held up in order to get the boys their lunch!

I suppose the Goodwins, with their kindly clairvoyance, saw through my plight at once; but, with ready tact, they accommodated themselves to what must have been a somewhat awkward situation to them as well as to me, and when my scratch-luncheon was at last ready they unfolded their napkins in their laps with as much pleased composure as if they

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had been lunching in the Palm Room of the Waldorf-Astoria. Dear people! I watched them dispose of my tinned frankfurters, potatoes fried brown and crisp, cucumbers in vinegar, fruit pie hot from oven, tea freshly brewed, with salted almonds and butter-thins and sweet chocolate; and it was a very flushed and tremulous understudy for a hostess who received their expressions of satisfaction when the meal was finished.

Next day, so early that we had not sat down to breakfast, three horsemen dismounted at the front door.

"The E 2 round-up is operating just back in your big pasture," they told Mr. Romeike. "Cayuse Frank rounded up a couple of your four-year-olds yesterday by mistake; what'll we do with 'em?"

Half an hour after they were gone Mr. Romeike strode into the kitchen. "Get into your divided skirt," he said, "and we'll ride over and have dinner at the round-up wagon. They've got a bully cook at the E 2."

So we locked up the shack, put the key of the front door in the ram's-horn for safety, where the neighbors for twenty-five miles around knew where to find it in case they called, and trotted off to find the "chuck" wagon. It was nearly three hours later when, hot and tired with bumping about on my saddle, I slipped from Dewey's back in front of that blessed white round-up tent. It was long past the normal round-up hour for dinner. (They have breakfast at three, dinner at nine, and supper at four.) But one or two late comers were still lounging over their pudding, and the cook, a good-looking young fellow with a refined and gentle face, hospitably motioned us to sit down on the sleeping-bags and have some. There were roast ribs of beef, baked beans, fried potatoes, onions cut up in vinegar, apple sauce, plum pudding, and coffee with condensed milk, everything except the onions smoking hot from the little iron stove that had been set up on the prairie the night before.

It was all so nice! I had begun to tell the cook—who really was "bully"—that his apple sauce was the best I had ever tasted, when, without a word, he handed me a tablet and pencil.

"He's a deaf-mute," explained one of the men.

The cook and I had had a nice little conversation on paper when at last I wrote: "If you ever come to New York, you must look me up at the 'Clarion' office. I could show you a good many interesting sights that strangers usually miss."

Without delay he wrote back: "Look for me in 1908 or 1909."

I shall. It will be only two or at the most three years more.

Then Mr. Romeike brought round the horses and we rode over to the herd. Three or four thousand steers had been rounded up, for the E 2 outfit had been working down Fallon Creek since the spring, preparatory to closing up its affairs in that part of the country, and these were being held together in a loosely knit, bellowing assemblage by the men on herd, while others dashed around cutting out a certain brand.

It was all precisely as President Roosevelt has described it. Only above the perplexed bellowing of the herd and the conversation of the men arose the tinkle of a sweet-voiced bell slung around the neck of a distracted milch cow. The bell had been brought from the valley of Chamounix by the former owner of the cow at an estimated cost of three dollars, a financial operation that impressed the other ranchmen as bordering on lunacy. To me it brought a strange haunting note of poetry into the unblinking Montana day. Or, rather, its thin metallic murmurings, with their associations of Alpine pastures and edelweiss and delicate old-world romance, seemed to superimpose a kind of lyric grace upon the hardier, sturdier poetry inherent in the scene. For I could not doubt that the round-up itself, and the wind-swept prairie, once the wide home of buffalo and Indian, the wise cow-ponies and the lean, hawk-eyed men on their backs, were all so many fragments of a vast heroic epic—an epic of conquest, of pioneer warfare, with nature in her grimmest, most ruthless moods, of a people vigorous, simple, proud, earnest, whose story is one to stir the blood of the most sluggish and sting into pride the most indifferent.

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Comment on Current Books

The American Nation

The distinctive characteristics of the "American Nation" serial history of the United States receive signal illustration in the recently issued sixteenth volume, written by the editor himself, and carrying the apt title of "Slavery and Abolition." Although the plan of the work would seem to limit Dr. Hart to discussion of the period 1831–1841, he has not confined himself to the events and conditions of that decade, but has instead surveyed many aspects of the slavery problem from its intrusion into American life to the moment when resort was had to war as the only means of reaching a solution. Necessarily he invades at times the subject matter of other writers in the series, and his book acquires a monographic character not altogether in keeping with the idea of a well-rounded, unitary, general history. This, of course, is a defect inherent in all co-operative historical writing, and we have already alluded to it in noticing earlier volumes of the present work. Over against it must be placed the quality of emphasizing salient aspects, a quality perhaps more conspicuous in Dr. Hart's contribution than in any of the preceding installments. It would be difficult to find elsewhere an equally compact yet full and lucid presentation of the conditions attending negro slavery in the United States and the agitation to which this gave rise, and if the writer's view-point be plainly that of an opponent of slavery, it is no less apparent that he has grasped and dealt fairly with the arguments advanced of old in its behalf. His opening chapters constitute a graphic picture of the social and economic background of slavery; he then examines the relations between master and slave; next he passes to an exposition of the rise and development of the Abolition movement, in the Nation at large, in the several sections, and in Congress; and finally, after a chapter on the panic of 1837, he reviews the results attained by the Abolitionists. There are, in all, twenty-one chapters (exclusive of the customary critical essay on authorities), each of which contains a well-arranged and extensive collection of facts vividly illumining the questions involved in what was to become the most momentous controversy in the history of our country. (Slavery and Abolition. By Albert Bushnell Hart. The American Nation, Vol. XVI. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2 net.)

The Children's Heroes

Under this general title the publishers have prepared a series of small books of decidedly attractive form in which are told briefly, but with the elements of romance strongly in evidence, the principal facts in the lives of such fascinating adventurers and discoverers as Captain Cook, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Livingstone. Mr. John Lang is the general editor and writes the story of Captain Cook, while Andrew Lang furnishes a vivacious account of the tragedy of Joan of Arc, Margaret Duncan Kelly relates the adventures of Sir Walter Raleigh, and Vautier Golding sympathetically tells of the courage and death of David Livingstone. All the books have good portraits. The pictures are printed rather crudely in color, but will probably be attractive to child readers. This little series makes a capital holiday gift. (The Children's Heroes. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 50c. each.)

French Classics

In the extremely pretty series of small volumes devoted to the reprint in French of literary classics in that language now appear the famous Maxims of the Duc de la Rochefoucauld and Dumas's story "La Tulipe Noir." Both books are well printed, and in every way the editions are desirable both for reading and for the library. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1 each.)

The Hayes-Tilden Controversy

To render a sound verdict upon so tangled a historical episode as the contested election of Mr. Hayes to the Presidency is not an easy task. It has not been altogether satisfactorily performed in this volume. The author, although he writes in a judicial spirit, does not indicate that he appreciates the political wrongs perpetrated in the South by so-called Reconstruction governments. The controversy, however, was not one in which either side could claim special virtue. The author concludes that the decision reached by the Electoral Commission was wise, and that the American people showed their satisfaction with it by electing a member of the Commission to the Presidency. (The Hayes-Tilden Disputed Presidential Election of 1876. The Burrows Brothers Company, Cleveland, Ohio.)

Instruction in Citizenship

In a self-governing community it is important that citizens should not be merely well intentioned but also well informed as to

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the principles, objects, and right methods of government. The problem, therefore, of instructing the children of a republic in citizenship is a very practical one. Of the two books before us, that by Professor Jenks is designed for the general information and suggestion of teachers; that by Miss Hill for the use of teachers and parents in the practical instruction of younger children. Both authors are careful students of history and politics; and their books are very useful for their purposes. These two volumes and Mr. Waldo S. Sherman's book on Civics cover the subject from points of view with which all teachers ought to be acquainted and concerning which intelligent parents should have some information. We should like to see Miss Hill's book put into the hands of every American boy and girl. (Citizenship and the Schools. By Jeremiah W. Jenks, Ph.D., LL.D. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.25, net.)

Jottings of an Old Solicitor

It can hardly be supposed that Sir John Hollams is a name very well known in this country. He has had, however, a very long and varied professional career in England, and has known many of the great figures of bench and bar during the last half-century. His volume of reminiscences cannot be called important, but it contains many personal anecdotes of an amusing kind. (Jottings of an Old Solicitor. By Sir John Hollams. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3, net.)

Mrs. Deland's New Story

Unusual interest has been shown in "The Awakening of Helena Richie" during its publication in serial form, and as a book it will doubtless be one of the most widely read and discussed novels of the season. Using with consummate skill the literary background and local color made familiar in her "Old Chester Tales" and "Dr. Lavendar's People," Mrs. Deland centers the interest of the book on the spiritual awakening, through her love for a little child, of a woman who has sinned because of the dazing of her moral faculties by abuse and cruelty, rather than because she is fundamentally immoral. The ethical problem is one of great delicacy, and while comment may differ as to its treatment, one can feel nothing but admiration for the charm and beauty of its final outcome. Dr. Lavendar, as here and in other books depicted, is one of the most clear-cut and lovable characters in fiction; the child David is as original and fascinating as he is true to nature; and several (but not all, we think) of the minor characters are convincing and distinct. The admirable proportion in which humor and deep feeling are united in this novel distinguishes it alike from the many hastily written stories of our day which clamor for a brief sensation, and from the super-strenuous tales in which brutality is made to take the place of charm and true rendering of human nature. We shall hope to speak more fully of Mrs. Deland's novel in reviewing at a later date the important fiction-literature of the season. (The Awakening of Helena Richie. By Margaret Deland. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.50.)

A New Life of George Washington

Professor Harrison, of the University of Virginia, who is, if we remember rightly, the author of more than one previous volume in the Heroes of the Nations Series, now contributes to that series a well-prepared and thoroughly readable biography of George Washington. Professor Harrison has shown admirable skill and judgment in selecting and combining the ample material at his command, and we know of no other life of Washington within moderate compass which presents so clear a picture of the man and maintains so well throughout a pleasing narrative style. The book carefully abstains from mere adulation, and leaves the feeling that here at least the individuality of the great American leader has not been lost sight of in the traditional portrait of the conventional hero. The book is fully and well illustrated. (George Washington, Patriot, Soldier, Statesman. By James A. Harrison. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.50.)

A Nineteenth Century Mystic

There are books that silence criticism, and such a one is Philip Ægidius Walshe's story of the life of his father, John William Walshe, as edited by the younger man's literary executor, Montgomery Carmichael. It is not a great biography; indeed, it has sundry obvious defects from the purely literary standpoint. We may, too, with Mr. Carmichael, lament its emphasis on matters of religious controversy. But whatever of blemish it may seem to us to hold is lost from sight in contemplation of the saintly figure it reveals. John Walshe, says his son, was a splendid scholar and a devoted servant of God. Of his scholarship he has left as monument many volumes of material relating chiefly to St. Francis of Assisi; of his devotion to God impressive evidence is given in this narrative of his quest to know God, a quest that began in England in his earliest youth and found its consummation in distant Italy, whither he had fled from his merchant father's counting-room, and where he entered

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upon a life of study, love, and religion that was to lead him to the purest and most profound mysticism. The phrase a nineteenth-century mystic sounds strange indeed, but such was John Walshe, and a mystic whose influence, as diffused by his son's filial zeal, must touch with uplifting power all who read the story of his painful pilgrimage. (The Life of John William Walshe. Edited by Montgomery Carmichael. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.50, net.)

The Packers and the People

Mr. J. Ogden Armour has collected in a volume the articles contributed by him to the "Saturday Evening Post" in reply to the charges of extortion and discrimination in freight rates brought against his company. The articles are expanded and enlarged in their present form. The book is mainly devoted, as its title indicates, to the charges of private car abuses and the like, but a chapter is added "As to Cleanliness and Sanitation." Considering how specific and explicit were the charges presented, not by novelists or yellow journals, but by official reports, municipal, State, and Federal, this chapter of generalities cannot be regarded as very satisfactory. The book is vigorously written, and probably must be regarded as the authoritative reply of the packers, by one of their most eminent representatives, to the accusations brought against them. It is not a history; it is not a verdict, nor a judicial summing up. But it is an able plea in defense and avoidance. As such the careful student of the problem will find it valuable. He will not find it conclusive. (The Packers, the Private Car Lines, and the People. By J. Ogden Armour. Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia. $1.50.)

Theism and Monism

Science and philosophy are at present concurrently turning away from the doctrine that all is Matter to the truth that all is Mind—from a material to a spiritual conception of the Universe as the manifestation of Infinite Spirit. Theism, viewing the Universe as "in God," is necessarily monistic. Christian theism rounds out this metaphysical conception of all existence as centralized in one Mind and Will into Jesus' ethical conception of the one Father and Saviour of the world. The present work aims to show what ground there is for Christian theism in the spiritual monism toward which science and philosophy now preponderate. Its author, a Scottish clergyman, endeavors "to set forth that spiritual interpretation of the universe on the basis of Mr. Spencer's system of philosophy which he himself affirmed to be possible." In Haeckel's materialistic monism he recognizes an element of truth, while combating him on scientific grounds. The argument is mainly objective, in an inductive method, and designed for "the plain man." Nearly all recent writers who have touched the subject are drawn upon for criticism or for confirmation, so that we have a résumé of the present-day discussions. Both for this and for the writer's part therein the well-indexed work is valuable. It is still not quite clear from confusion of ideas, and from theological prepossessions that obstruct straight thinking. While repeatedly affirming that the world is in God, and God immanent in the world, Dr. Walker holds that this immanence is not "an actual presence of God *in* the world"—meaning a personal presence of transcendent Deity. But why not? Because "it would make him directly responsible for all the evil in the world, and the very idea of *Freedom* would be impossible." This seems rather a hasty and abject surrender to a difficulty of whose solution in Professor Royce's Scottish lectures on "The World and the Individual" the writer takes no notice. To meet the emergency he draws a distinction between "Deity *conditioned*" as immanent in nature and man, and "Deity *unconditioned*" in transcendent Being—in other words, between God as "the Principle of the world's life and the Power of its entire development," and "God as he is in himself." Such hair-splitting distinctions are distinctively Scottish. They are more verbal than real. If, as Dr. Walker rightly holds, the Infinite is in the finite, and the finite in the Infinite, then, unless a strange difference is discoverable between infinity and transcendency, it would seem that wherever God is found immanent transcendent Deity must be present. "Yet," says Dr. Walker, "the process [of Evolution] is not such as we can conceive a God, *personally* present and working, carrying out—destroying continually the work of his hands; it is not an external working, but an *Evolution*." A trace of anthropomorphism is here detectible as the root of difficulty. In his sharp antithesis between God immanent and God transcendent, Deity conditioned and Deity unconditioned, a vestige of dualism still clings to his monism: the transcendent is apparently outside of the immanent—"beyond," "above." True as it is that God is more fully manifested in saints than in stars, it cannot be that he is personally present only in the one and not in the other. "The crux of theism" is in the problem of evil, and this certainly is inadequately treated. The Divine Incarnation is presented as an ethical process, and much more satisfactorily. The problem of immortality

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is discussed suggestively, and from some fresh points of view. Though the work falls short of its aim in some central questions, it is, on the whole, a stimulating contribution to further discussion, and a strong presentation of the harmony of science and religion. (Christian Theism and a Spiritual Monism. By Rev. W. L. Walker. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3, net.)

Twelfth Night The latest addition to the First Folio Edition of Shakespeare presents the text of the play, a brief of the argument, comment on th[illegible] the duration of the action, a no[illegible] composition, the usual literary i[illegible] glossary, variorum readings, and s[illegible] cism. As The Outlook has pointed o[illegible] this edition, which reproduces the te[illegible] First Folio, is, in point of scholarly equi[illegible] and thoroughness, as well as in convent[illegible] of form, quite invaluable to the stude[illegible] (Twelfe Night. By William Shakespeare[illegible] First Folio Edition. Edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. $1.)

Letters to The Outlook

COLLEGE FRATERNITIES

As a regular subscriber and constant reader of The Outlook, permit me to enter my protest against the article by Clarence F. Birdseye on "The Greek-Letter Fraternity as an Educational Influence," and also against your accompanying editorial on the same subject. I take exception to your position and object to the existence of these fraternities in colleges for the following reasons:

1. They create and foster an unnatural class spirit, obtaining special privileges for a few in disregard for others.

2. Their "special privileges" are not confined to their own club-rooms or fraternity houses, but are spread out over all the college life, usurping what should be the equal privileges of all, so that those who are not members find themselves ostracised and practically excluded from most of those pleasant, refining influences and associations which they might otherwise enjoy and which they have a right to expect in college. Indeed, your very articles plead for these privileges, but only in behalf of a few.

3. Membership in these fraternities is not open on a fair basis to all students alike, to be won by them in an honorable way, but is dependent upon the whims and personal likes and dislikes of every undergraduate member of the organization at any particular time—one "blackball" of a college man already a member being sufficient to keep another college man out, no matter how worthy or how well liked by other members he may be.

4. This arrangement breaks up instead of perfecting the natural bonds of fellowship which should exist between students of the same or congenial temperaments and tastes. Of two close friends—roommates, they may be, companions in study, having equal rank in the class-room—one is taken, the other left; and the further close association of these two is discountenanced if not actually forbidden. One thus often sees himself cut off from the companionship of those in college whom he really loves and longs to be with.

5. Many of the members of any local chapter of a fraternity are selected chiefly because of their wealth, social standing, or other external influences, or for other "sporty" qualities, which render them valuable adjuncts in maintaining the all-around popularity of the chapter. This opens the way for what we may call a c[illegible]l in "black sheep" element in the local or[illegible]ization—that element whose worth can hardly be defined in terms of moral character. When this element predominates, as is apt to happen from time to time, we have the "black sheep" chapter which, no matter what the reputation of the National organization may be, is a disgrace and a shame to any college. Under cover of their name and protected by it, the members often perpetrate the vilest things, until in some instances their chapter houses come to have a concealed reputation differing little from that of a house of ill fame. Under cover of their fraternity name, members of this chapter appear among and associate with the respectable men and women of the college, and pose as leading college men. In the name of their fraternity, also, these people solicit and take in new members, who at the time are innocent and unsuspecting of the real character of some of the men (much less do the fond parents at home know of this), with the result that good young boys from Christian homes are demoralized even to such an extent that they have to be expelled from college before they have finished their course.

6. The fraternity tends to develop in all of its members an air of exclusion and false superiority, which, in so far as it destroys the

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[redacted]rsal sympathy and brotherly [redacted]eak as well as the strong, the [redacted]well as the successful, the poor [redacted]he rich, and the ability to see and [redacted]al credit for the good qualities in [redacted]le, is undemocratic and unchristian. [redacted]se objections we do not find in a local [redacted]ge club, organized to meet the needs of [redacted]local body of students drawn together by [redacted]natural bonds. Neither do we find them in the more general secret orders, composed of adults, which almost any man under ordinary circumstances can join if he chooses. Even if a man upon his voluntary application for membership should be refused his request by three or more blackball votes, still the world is too large and there are too many other privileges at hand to make this rejection bother him. But at *college* many a man, compelled by circumstances which he could not control to forego the ordinary associations with his fellows, has spent the most bitter, the only *bitter*, years of his life at college, suffering, but resolved to fight it out. As he looks back on those years now, he thinks he could not be induced to repeat those experiences even at the cost of giving up the coveted college education. At least he would go to another college.

COLLEGE GRADUATE.

[This topic is again discussed, with special reference to this [redacted]tter, on another page.—THE EDITORS.]

THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY

The heat and excessive humidity which we have experienced so constantly thus far have caused much suffering and illness among children of tender years, as well as among adults. For the past eight weeks the Children's Aid Society, by means of its simple yet very perfect organization, has been making a heroic endeavor to mitigate to some degree at least the sickness and suffering among children which prevail during the months of summer in New York, and, together with other agencies, has been able to keep down the death rate to the lowest point yet reached in New York. House-to-house visitation by nurses and physicians employed by the Sick Children's Mission for that purpose enables those who superintend the summer work to act intelligently, and prevents deception and duplication of charitable assistance.

The extent of the relief already accomplished may be realized in part when the records show that twelve hundred sick babies and young children have been treated in their homes, and at the Health Home at Coney Island three thousand four hundred mothers and children have been received during the six weeks the Home has been open.

To the Summer Home for girls at Bath Beach four hundred are sent weekly, and in the five weeks since its doors were thrown open two thousand eight hundred little girls have enjoyed its healthful surroundings.

The farm at Valhalla, Westchester County, receives two hundred boys each week, and twelve hundred have drunk in the pure air of the hills since the farm was made ready to entertain them.

Day excursions for boys have afforded two thousand boys an opportunity to exchange the humid air of the city for the purer and bracing air of the country.

Wednesday excursions, weekly, for mothers and children have enabled two thousand who could not absent themselves for a longer period from their homes to leave the narrow streets and gloomy tenements for a day upon the water—a blessing of no mean value to the imprisoned dwellers in the tenements.

The managers of the Children's Aid Society will continue their work with undiminished activity through the month of August and a part of September. There are no reasons why their carefully prepared plans should not be executed, excepting the necessary funds. The Society appeals to all who sympathize with its efforts to replenish its treasury, and thus aid in reducing misery and affording a few hours or days of happiness to those whose hours of enjoyment are so limited. Contributions may be sent to A. B. Hepburn, Treasurer, Chase National Bank, or C. Loring Brace, Secretary, 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York City.

THANK YOU

The writer of the article in your issue of August 7, "The Republic's Forgetfulness," makes a pretty serious mistake—one that ought to be corrected. He describes in considerable detail the metamorphosis and location of the germ of yellow fever in the bodies of mosquitoes! Fancy my surprise—for the germ of yellow fever has not been discovered. The description would do very well, however, for the malarial parasite and its relation to the mosquito. The writer must have confused the two.

New York City. F. S. MATHEWS, M.D.

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